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BLUSHES BLUSHES BLUSHES

No2

A Collectors'
Edition

1996
Corporal
punishment
re-introduced for
Youth Service
Programme
A fictional
account of the
way things
might be.

Mr. Dupont
An ex-pupil
returns to find
that little has
changed.
It still hurts
just as much.

Drawings
Girls in – and
out of – uniform

Letters
A secret kept
since the 1970's
sees the light
of day.

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OF THIS UNIQUE ACADEMY
FOR YOUNG LADIES!



NEW GIRL AT ST. JUSTINE'S PART 1 & 2

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AUTHOR'S NOTE

The main narrative of 'New Girl at St. Justine's' is written in the third person. There are, however, a number of chapters written in the first person . . . by those involved in this story.

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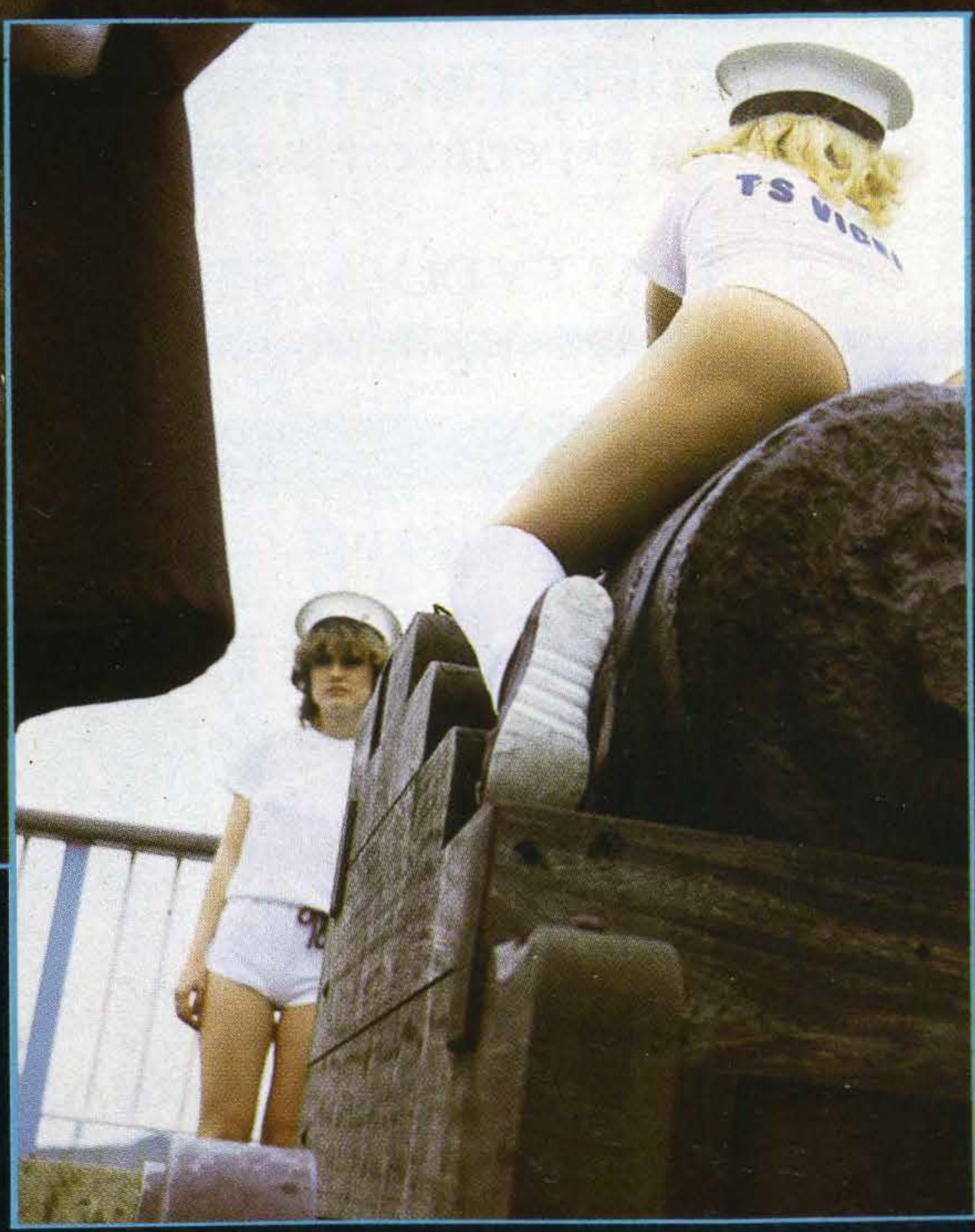
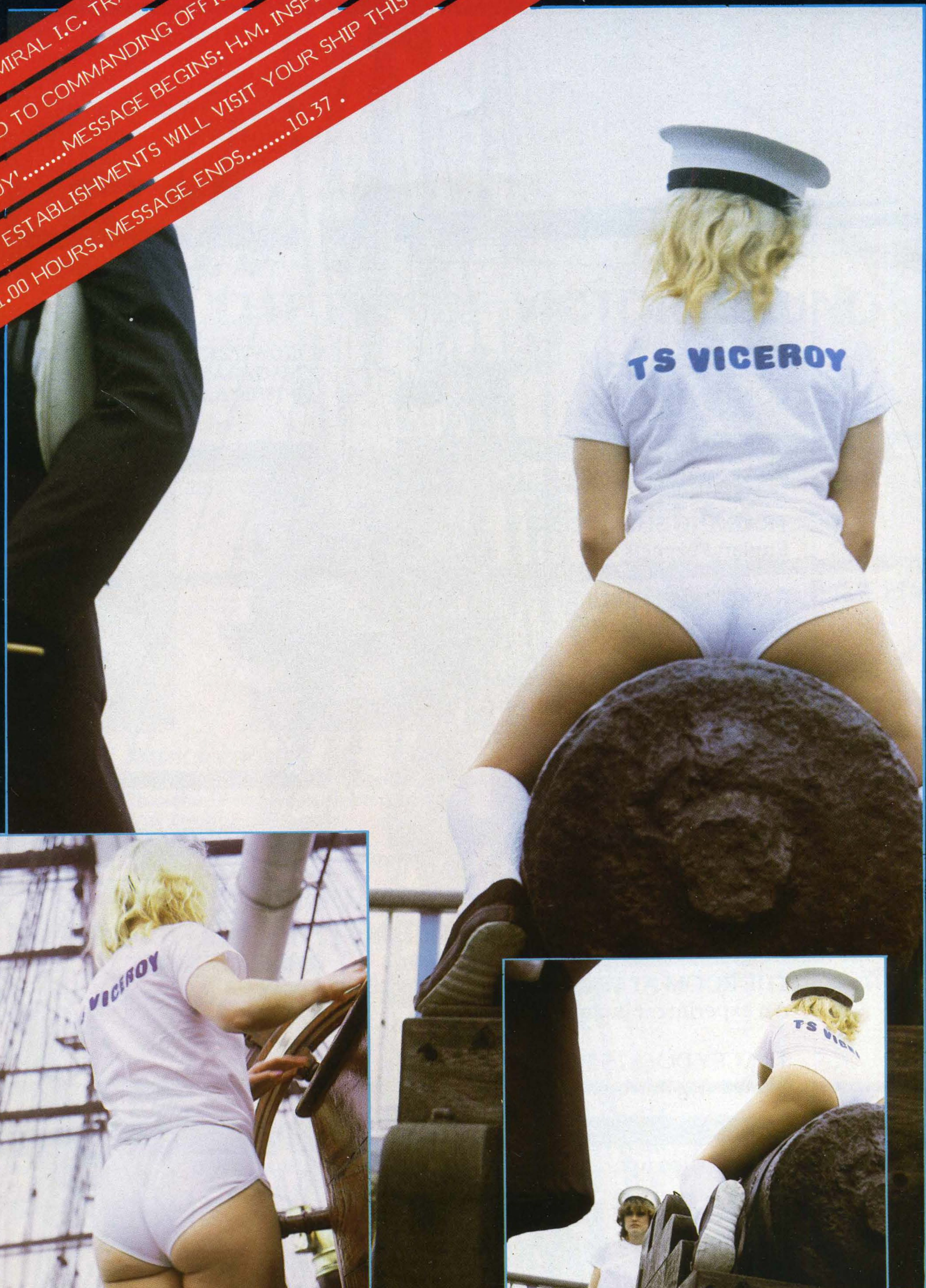
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FROM ADMIRAL I.C. TRAINING
COMMAND TO COMMANDING OFFICER
T.S. 'VICEROY'.....MESSAGE BEGINS: H.M. INSPECTOR OF
TRAINING ESTABLISHMENTS WILL VISIT YOUR SHIP THIS A.M.
11.00 HOURS. MESSAGE ENDS.....10.37 .



PRESS REPORT

Background information

DAY 15th OCTOBER 1995.

are ministers
ging themselves
the mire in a
f reforming the
ural Policy before
non Market runs
rophiles in Britain
d a positive solution
ough new European
ance the CAP.

meeting of an unofficial
liament industry com-
be held in Brussels at
February under the
p of Sir David Nicolson,
of BTR and of Roth-
rent chairman of the
Chambers of Commerce
l the next elections a
of the European Parlia-

committee is unofficial
e it excludes the Far Left,
re not prepared to discuss
ve policies. It grew from the
ervative Party's own industry
p, and Sir David clearly hopes
ill endorse ideas close to his
heart for common policies on
ustry, energy and transport.

It is late in the day to try to
lly support for more, not less,
ommon Market policy-making.
The farm ministers have set them-
selves the well-nigh impossible
task of trying by the end of March
to produce reforms which will cut
the cost of farm policies to keep
within the present cash limits
imposed by a 1 p.c. yield of value
added tax, and at the same time
stop the open-ended support of
farm produce which has been
responsible for produce mountains.

If they fail the wider problems
of financing the Community budget
and ending the annual wrangles
over rebates will arrive shortly
after and could call in question the
future of the Europe of Ten. Crises
have happened before and been
solved by a combination of clock-
stopping and compromise. But the
European Parliament is blocking
British rebates to force a show-
down and the British Government
is in no mood for compromise.

In particular the Treasury shows
no sign of agreeing to put the
pound into the European Monetary
System as a sop to Continental
opinion. Sterling's special role as a
petrocurrency, official unconcern
about the exchange rate and the
current volatility of currencies all
militate against a deal even if the

Youth Service Scheme by our Education Correspondent

The government announced last
night that the controversial Youth
Service Programme will now defin-
itely go ahead. Parliamentary time
is to be made available during this
present session for enabling legis-
lation to be passed, and given the
government's substantial majority
it is likely that the bill will be on the
Statute Books before the Christ-
mas recess.

In outline, the programme will
be one of conscription for almost
every young person under the age
of eighteen on 1st April next.
Those in full-time education will be
exempted from the full weight of
the bill's implications, but will be
required to complete a period of
'basic training' at some time during
the first twelve months of the pro-
gramme's operation, with obligat-
ory retrospective enrolment into
the scheme should they for any
reason cease to be in full-time
education. It has already been
pointed out both by the pro-
gramme's critics and its support-
ers, that poor exam results at 'O'
level stage, or other examinations
at intermediate points thereafter,
would have the effect of consigning
poor scholars to the Training Pro-
gramme. Critics say that the result
would be to set up an elitist division
between those who have the ability
to keep their places at school and
those who have not, whilst sup-
porters claim that the resultant
stimulus to academic achievement
would be generally beneficial.

The programme's main aims, it
is claimed, are to promote an
awareness of moral standards by
disciplined education methods, a
measure rendered necessary by the
undisputed decline in the social,
sexual and work-oriented morés of
young people since the watershed
of the eighties. The Education
Minister's statement made at a
meeting of the CBI last week,
mentioned work-training and the
achievement of computer skills as
one of the aims of the programme,
but he made no secret of the
government's hopes that a "moral
renaissance" will be brought about,
which he would see as a pre-
requisite for any improvement in
Britain's world competitiveness in
the third millenium. On the vexed
question of the wholesale reintro-
duction of corporal punishment for
both boys and girls involved in the

scheme, he would say only that
exhaustive psychological research
into the matter had indicated that
corporal punishment, if subject to
proper regulations and controls,
was likely to have an advantageous
effect rather than the opposite.

A document "leaked" to several
newspapers last week revealed that
the regulations to which the min-
ister referred were somewhat
Draconian. "Cadets", as the con-
scriptees will be known, will be
eligible for corporal punishment
regardless of sex, caning apparent-
ly being the preferred method.
Such punishments will be at the dis-
cretion of Commanding Officers
and their staff and up to eighteen
strokes may be administered on the
bare buttocks. A spokesman's re-
action at the time to criticism
voiced chiefly by opposition MP's
was that lax standards of social
behaviour could be traced back to
in the home. This government, he
said, "can no longer subscribe to
the view that acceptable standards
of behaviour can be achieved by
the psychological lobby alone,
without the support of more direct
methods of reward and punish-
ment. A caning or two in the mid-
teens might well obviate the need
for more drastic measures, such as
imprisonment, in later adult life".

J.P. denies law abuse

A Justice of the Peace yesterday
denied allegations that he had
"taken the law into his own hands"
when he spanked a girl whom he
caught stealing apples from the
garden of his home in Hampstead.
Mr. Justice Aubrey Whittle, 59,
claims that the 1993 Public Order
Act invests any officer of the judi-
ciary with the power to chastise
errant youngsters below the age of
seventeen, and that spanking -
which Mr. Aubrey Whittle admin-
istered on the girl's bare buttocks -
is an 'approved' form of punish-
ment for girls of her age.

The girl's parents are under-
stood to have dropped their com-
plaint after taking legal advice and
they were not available for com-
ment. The girl herself (her name
may not be published) issued a
statement to the following effect:
"I was pinching his apples - I admit
that - but I don't think he should be
allowed to spank me like he did.
He made me get across his lap and
then he took my knickers off. He
spanked me for what seemed ages -
about ten minutes I would think -

which
got very sore
spanked!"

Asked whether she thought she
would go "scrumping" again, the
girl said she didn't think she would.

Radiant shines

RADIANT Metal Finishing
shares jumped 28p to 88p in a
thin market yesterday, prompt-
ing takeover suggestions.
Frank Reynolds, Radiant's
managing director, who together
with family interests speaks
for 56 p.c. of the company, has a
guess as to who was behind
the buying.

In addition to the Reynolds
family's interests, Prudential
Corporation has a 10.55 p.c. hold-
ing and Selective Investments,
a Jersey-based company, has a
10 p.c. stake acquired in the
December. At 88p the metal finishings
and home furnishings retailer,
whose profits have declined
from £248,000 to £24,000 over the
past four years, is capitalised at
around 1.2m.

Cheaper oil hint

OIL buyers said yesterday that
Britain intends to cut 10 cents a
barrel off the price of oil from
the British sector of the Statfjord
Field, in which Norway has by
far the biggest stake. This
would make it \$30.30 delivered
in north-west Europe and i-
necessary because Norway ha-
cut its price to \$29.60 undeliver-
But there are growing sig-
nals that buyers generally
accept proposals to "freeze"
price at around the \$30 ma-
quarter. This compares with price
between \$29.25 and \$29.75
harrel being quoted yes-
terday for Brent oil on the spot market.

Hogg higher

HOGG ROBINSON GE
increased its interim
profits to September
£2.79m pre-tax to £3.4
raised its interim di-
vidable March 30, by 10
net.

The company rep-
resenting all its
against Moscow.
"I won't deny t
with the Soviet
helpful for the
and the
co-operating, e
problem" of
sionism."

On other
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United States
anti-tank w
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Year's delay 1
TSB market

Chinese sea well
RP

TRAINING SHIP VICEROY



England expects –

Although the afternoon sun struck dazzlingly across the water in the harbour, there was a breeze off the sea that was distinctly cool against the cheek as it blew up little wave-lets to chuckle against the planking of the boat. Bare skin chilled in the intermittent gusts and there was plenty of unclothed girl-flesh in the water which had been sent to ferry the inspector across to the training ship moored in the deeper water of the main channel.

The bespectacled figure sitting awkwardly at the stern beside the girl handling the tiller looked now and then towards the tall-masted vessel riding quietly at her bouy, but his attention was more often focused on-board, where the girls on the thwarts laboured clumsily against the weight of their oars, dashing up little flecks

of spray that spangled the man's rain-coat and got onto his glasses so that he had to take them off several times and wipe the water away. The girls' legs were bare up to their shorts which cut close across the tops of their thighs and pulled intimate creases up from between their legs. Their tee-shirts left their arms bare and their alternate leaning forward and straining back gave glimpses of flat naked bellies at each stroke. Nipples pushed against tight-stretched shirts as each pull had the girls inclining backwards and breasts bounced youthfully as they leaned forward again. Plump little peach-clefts strained juicily against white cotton between suntanned thighs and the healthy pink of physical exertion suffused young, smooth cheeks below bright eyes which watched the watcher watching.

Ten minutes saw them rounding the bow of the ship to pass under the boom and along the side to the ladder. A girl stood straddle-legged in the bow with a boat-hook held erect between her feet like a lance tipped with brass. Only when the girl had got to her feet had the inspector realised just how immodest the girls' shorts all were. Self-consciously this girl had looped a finger up under the leg of her shorts and eased the cotton down over the perkiness of her buttocks, aware no doubt that her saucy young bum would offer the inspector a fresh place to rest his eyes after their exploration of the other girls' thighs, but her buttocks could still not be entirely secluded from interested eyes, the diagonal upsweep of the shorts being cut high on the hip, emphasising the length of a girl's legs but making no secret of the roundness of



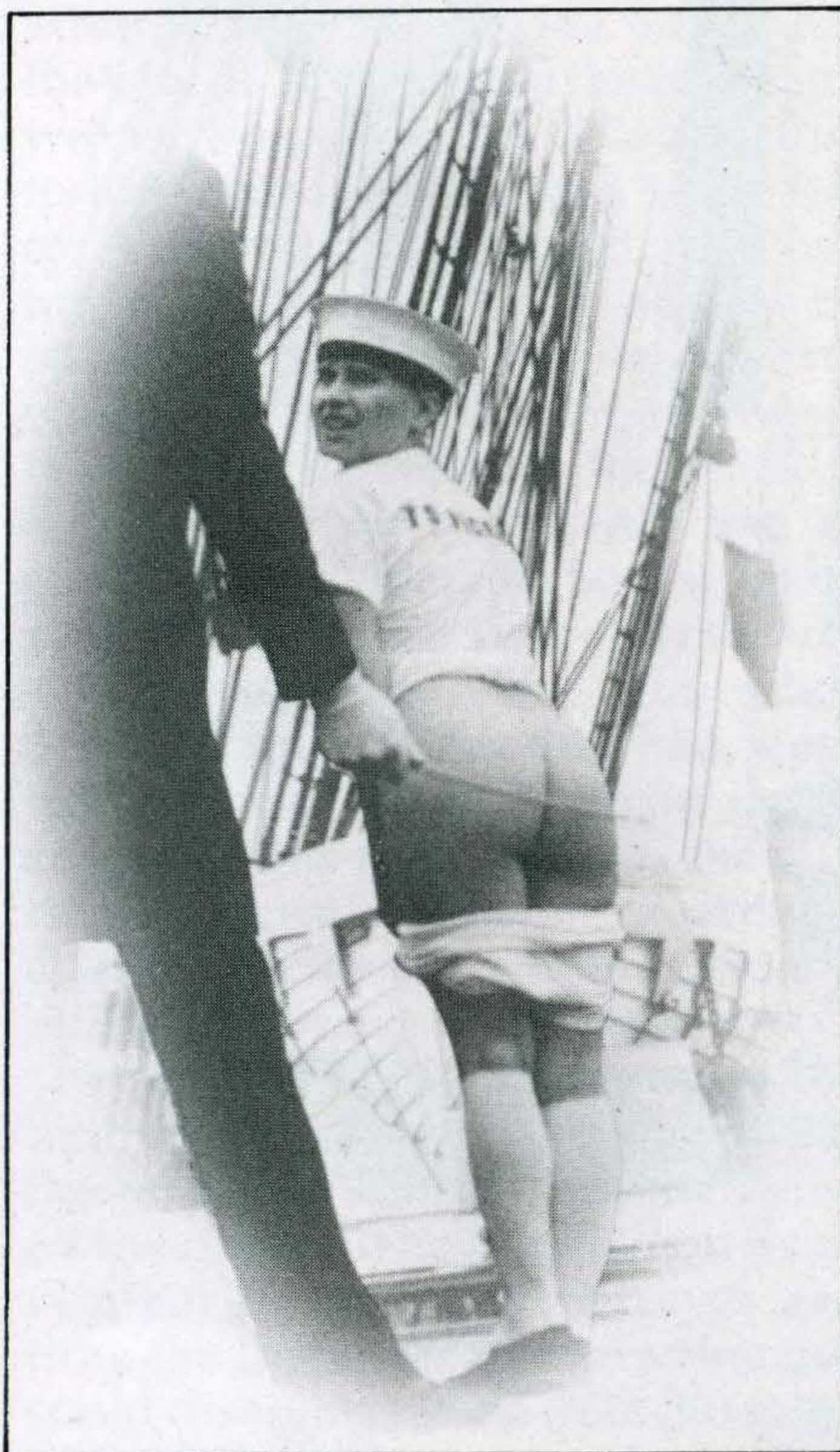
her bottom in so doing. The inspector eyed the up-pull of the shorts between the girl's bum cheeks, noticed the edge outlined shape of brief knickers underneath and noted too the way the boat's crew-leader, a girl older than the rest with three red diagonal tags on the left breast of her shirt, weighed a short straight cane in her hand and constantly turned her head to judge the distance still to go to the ladder and then looked back at the girl with the boat hook.

The boat swept down beside the ship, swinging sideways across the tide as the girl at the tiller heaved on the shaft. The crew-leader whacked her cane loudly down across a thwart. "Pull, oars, pull!" she bawled, and the girls threw their weight back and the boat stemmed the tide for a moment. "Hook on!" yelled the girl and the boat-hook swung for the ladder – and missed!

"Thwack!" The bow-girl's bum-cheeks trembled with the stroke's impact. With a squeal she clutched desperately at her bottom and the boat-hook splashed into the water. Squeezing her bum, her knees clamping together with the pain, the bow-girl's bare thighs caught the next one, loud and meaty across both legs at once. Her anguished yelp caused several of the girls at the oars to look round and then everything went wrong at once. One of the crew swept at the water with her oar and skimmed it across the surface instead of making it bite deep. A shower of salt water drenched the inspector, the oar slipped from its rowlock and went over the side, and the girl slipped backwards off her seat to end up half-lying between the knees of the girl behind her with her legs still hooked over her thwart and the seat of her tight-stretched shorts in a puddle of water in the bottom of the boat. With the girl behind unable to move because of the first girl's arrival in her lap, and the girls on the other side still rowing, the boat began to swing broadside to the tide flow and away downstream. The crew-leader shouted orders at the top of her voice, and dealt the bow-girl a third wicked stroke up under her half-bare bum out of sheer spite. The girl at the helm stood up to lean all her weight against the tiller but the rudder blade caught against the ship's side and swung her hard across the boat into the inspector's lap. He helped her struggle to her feet, his hands alternately full of firm young breasts and chubby buttocks as he handled the situation the best way he could, while the crew-leader snatched the boat-hook from



Punishment muster



Attention there!

the water and yelled "Catch that oar there!" A second time the inspector found his lap full of warm young femininity as the tiller girl dived across him to grab the floating oar. At full-stretch she found she couldn't lift the oar, but she hung on determinedly until help should arrive. The inspector did what he could. He held the girl round the hips and tucked his fingers into the waist of her shorts for the sake of security, and while the crew-leader lent a hand to recover the oar, the inspector affected a look of embarrassed surprise as he found that the girl's shorts slipped down very easily when he tugged at them, under the pretence of keeping her steady. A nimble readjustment of his grasp on the shorts ensured that he had her knickers clutched in his fingers too.

"Oh Christ!" It was the tiller girl still struggling to hang on to the oar as both her shorts and her knickers slipped down off her hips. As though more concerned not to embarrass the inspector than she was about falling out of the boat, she turned her face back towards him and stuttered that

she was – “Sorry sir, only there wasn’t much I could do about it, Sir, honest!” With his lower hand cupped under the girl’s pubic swell, the inspector clung on to her hips until the oar was back in the boat.

“Thank you, sir” gasped the tiller girl, struggling to pull up her knickers while the crew-leader regained control of the debacle and shouted for the boat to be steered up into the current. With her pants still only half-way up the girl had to attend to her helmsmanship. Gallantly the inspector volunteered to help her. He could have taken the tiller of course, but instead he retrieved her knickers, made quite sure that they were snugged up into all the warm little places knickers are meant to keep snug, and then did the same with her shorts.

With the bow-girl relegated to holding the boat’s painter, the crew-leader herself supervised the pull up-current and hooked on to the ladder. Solicitously she helped the inspector onto the steps and with anxiety plain in her face she offered her sincere apologies for the incident.

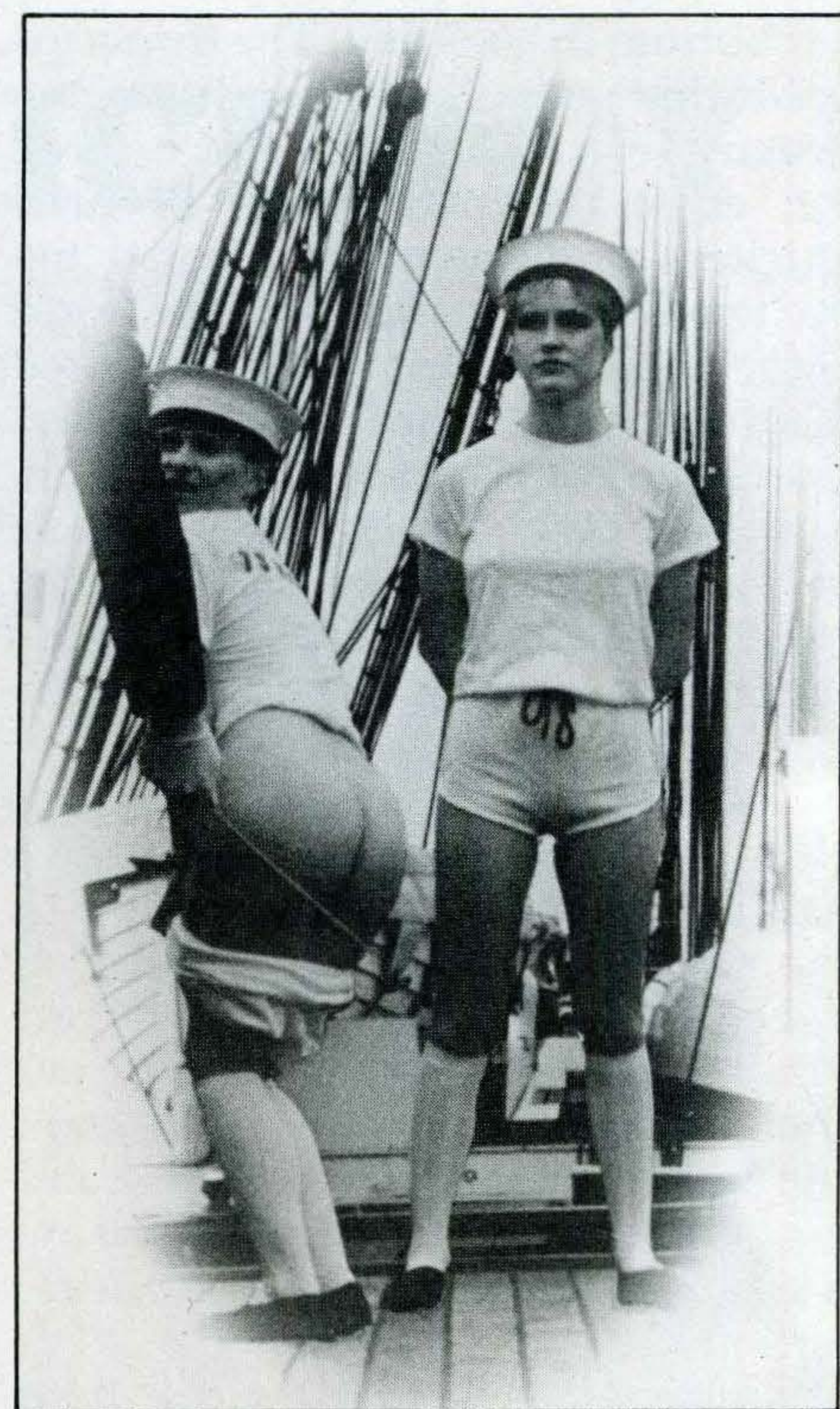
Relieved to be out of the whaler –

he didn’t like small boats at the best of times – the inspector regained his dignity as well as his sodden condition would allow and gave her a thin smile.

“Miss, er – ?” The inspector paused for her to tell him her name.

“Marley, Sir” said the girl helpfully, and after a hesitation as she realised that he was looking at her nipples poking themselves erect under her wet shirt, she added “Allison Marley, actually sir” just in case the discreet suggestion of informality might do some good somewhere along the line.

“Well, Miss Marley” – She really did have very nice breasts, didn’t she” – um – I was going to say that I don’t get paid to risk life and limb on these visits, you know. I should like to think that you’ll give that crew of yours something to wake them up, eh?” He glanced down at the cane which was still in her hand, remembering the way she had whacked it across that girls bum, and the tantalising thought occurred that he’d really like to see it being used on *her* bottom. “Er – will you see to that for



Stick it out, girl!

me, Marley?”

“Yes sir – I certainly shall!” she said, the cloud of apprehension lifting instantly from her face now that she realised *she* wasn’t going to be held personally responsible for the fiasco in the boat. The cane flicked eagerly against her leg – it seemed probable that she would enjoy herself “seeing to it” as she’d been told to.

As a tall girl came along the deck to salute him and take him below, the inspector heard the crew-leader’s voice calling “let go for’ard!” down near the waterline, and then quite distinct, although distant, the ‘thwack’ of cane against cotton shorts. The plaintive yelp which floated up over the side confirmed that Allison meant to discharge her duty with a will.

T.S. “Viceroy’s” intelligence system hadn’t had much warning of the inspector’s impending arrival but it had coped perfectly nevertheless. While the whaler had been pulling across the harbour towards the jetty to fetch the inspector, the motorboat had slipped away on the far side of the ship in the direction of the signals office, and while Senior Cadet Marley’s crew were still making a pig’s ear of hooking on to the ladder, a breathless girl had been tapping at the door of the Captain’s cabin.

“Sir – a signal, sir”. The captain had read it in a moment.

“Thank you. No reply”.

The Educational Petty Officer’s grape-vine had back-tracked to the inspector’s last three visits and the word had come back – “Bent as a nine bob note”. Susceptible, persuadable,



Shorts down!

a man who liked to enjoy his work like most of them on the Inspectorate. The Captain had already summoned the girl who, for lack of a proper officer in these straitened times, acted as his First Lieutenant.

"Who's on punishment detail for this afternoon?"

"Um - Cadets Howard, Cranley and Everwood, Sir. I dare say I could muster a few more, sir-".

"Right. Put Cranley on Captain's Steward for lunch. This one probably likes 'em young and pretty - don't they all - and see that she looks her best, Fairbrother - I imagine you know the drill by now".

"Yes sir". The girl had licked briefly at her lips, checking through the myriad items that would have to be seen to if the inspector's visit was to be a success. "Punishment parade on the foredeck as usual, sir? Eighteen hundred?"

"Yes - oh and see if we can arrange some kind of tour of the harbour or something for this afternoon - get the sod off the ship while we smarten the place up eh?"

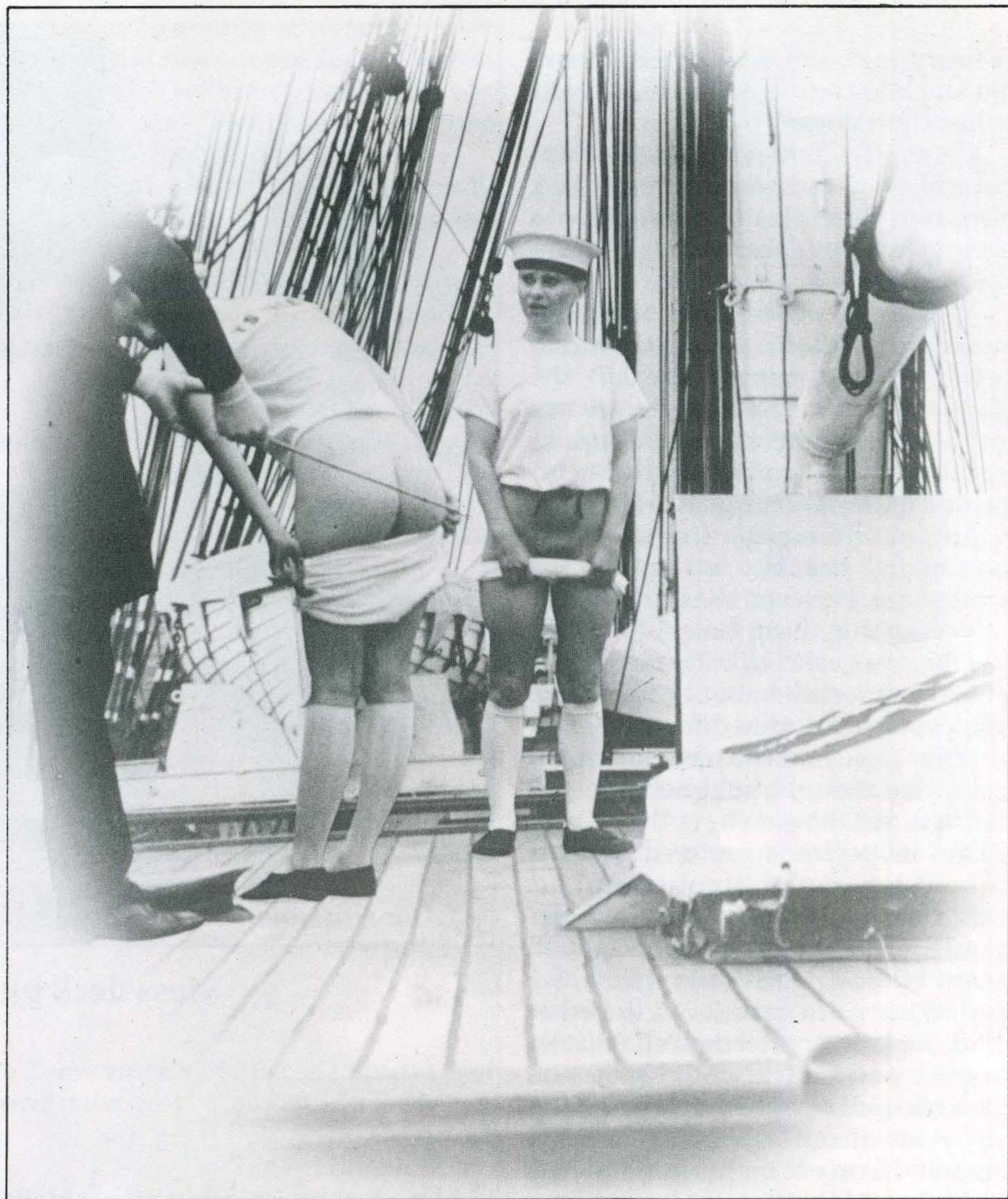
"Yes sir. Will that be all, sir?"

"I think so. Right then - get up there and smile at him girl - and wiggle your bum!"

"Yes sir!" Senior Cadet Fairbrother had taken herself off and the Captain had had a moment to himself before he needed to turn on the charm.

With the information from the Educational Petty Officer's dash ashore, he was at least equipped to deal with the situation with his eyes open. More than once it hadn't been that easy - but never mind. This inspector it seemed, was a man after his own heart. He had snatched up his cap and gone up to meet the man from the Ministry.

The Captain leaned back from the table, took his pipe from his pocket and fed it slowly and carefully with an aromatic mixture from a leather pouch. This operation absorbed his attention and the inspector seated opposite was free at last to stare unhindered by considerations of politeness at the softly-plumped pout at the bottom of the girls belly - the girl who had stood a little behind and a little to one side of the Captain's chair throughout lunch, when she had not been waiting on them during the meal. The impudent fullness of the girl's pubic swell, enhanced by the snug fit of her little knickers which quite failed to conceal anything of the underlying shape of her pubes, had fascinated him for the entire time he had been at the Captain's table, as had the mere fact of the girl's virtual undressedness in the presence of the Captain and, most surprisingly, him-



Punishment Continues

self, without any conscious intimation having been made on his part that such an unusual circumstance would even be permissible according to his own lights, far less something for him to be confronted with over lunch on his first hour aboard the ship. He had said nothing however, because disregarding the oddness of it all, the truth was that the titillating effect of the girl's presence had excited him considerably and he hadn't seen enough of her yet by any means.

Cadet Cranley, the girl whom Senior Cadet Fairbrother had reported as being on punishment parade and who was now acting as the Captain's Steward, stood smartly to attention with her whole posture as militarily correct as she could make it after only nine weeks training, but with the effect entirely dissipated by the maidenly blush which heightened the colour in her cheeks and by the virginal downcast of her eyes each time the inspector's penetrating gaze could disengage itself from her pubes or her nipples long enough to take in her face as well. She started suddenly as the Captain spoke.

"You may clear away now, Cranley" he said, as he put his pipe between his teeth.

"Yes sir". The girl came round the table to take the inspector's coffee cup - the Captain hadn't wanted coffee - and then she had to lean across to reach the pot with her knickers stretching across her round young buttocks under the inspector's very nose. The inspector, who had been invited to watch the girl's forthcoming chastisement - in the line of duty of course - which was scheduled for that afternoon immediately after the Captain had finished his lunch, rather self-consciously eyed the solid look of her bum under the flimsy pants and found himself wondering how it was going to respond to a good hard whack with a cane.

"Ooh!" The girl's gasp took him aback, as though she had read his thoughts and felt the imaginary stroke as he had pictured it landing. Even the Captain, couldn't restrain a grin as she stood back from the table with a petulant look on her face and kept the hot coffee-pot well away from her bare breasts this time.

"S-Sorry sir" she whispered, aware that she had caused a little bit of a stir by her clumsiness.

"Clear off, Cranley!" said the Captain mildly, "and you can come back with two brandies – you'd like a brandy wouldn't you Mr. Vallis? – in five minutes".

"Yes sir". The girl's scantily-knickered bottom bounced indiscreetly behind her as she left the cabin while the Captain kept an eye on his guest's interest in her retreating shape. He waited until the inspector withdrew his glance and then he puffed on his pipe and allowed a convincing chuckle to lighten the atmosphere between them.

"Pretty little thing isn't she?"

"Oh – yes, she is". The inspector seemed undecided about something. The Captain wondered for a moment whether he had judged his man amiss. He thought he'd better let his visitor make the pace.

The inspector wondered for his part if he oughtn't to stamp his authority on this meeting and demand to know what the Captain meant by having his girls wandering around virtually naked – on the other hand, he knew perfectly well what he meant by it, and it would save him the awkwardness of having to suggest a bit of mutual back-scratching himself. He made up his mind to play the ball as it lay.

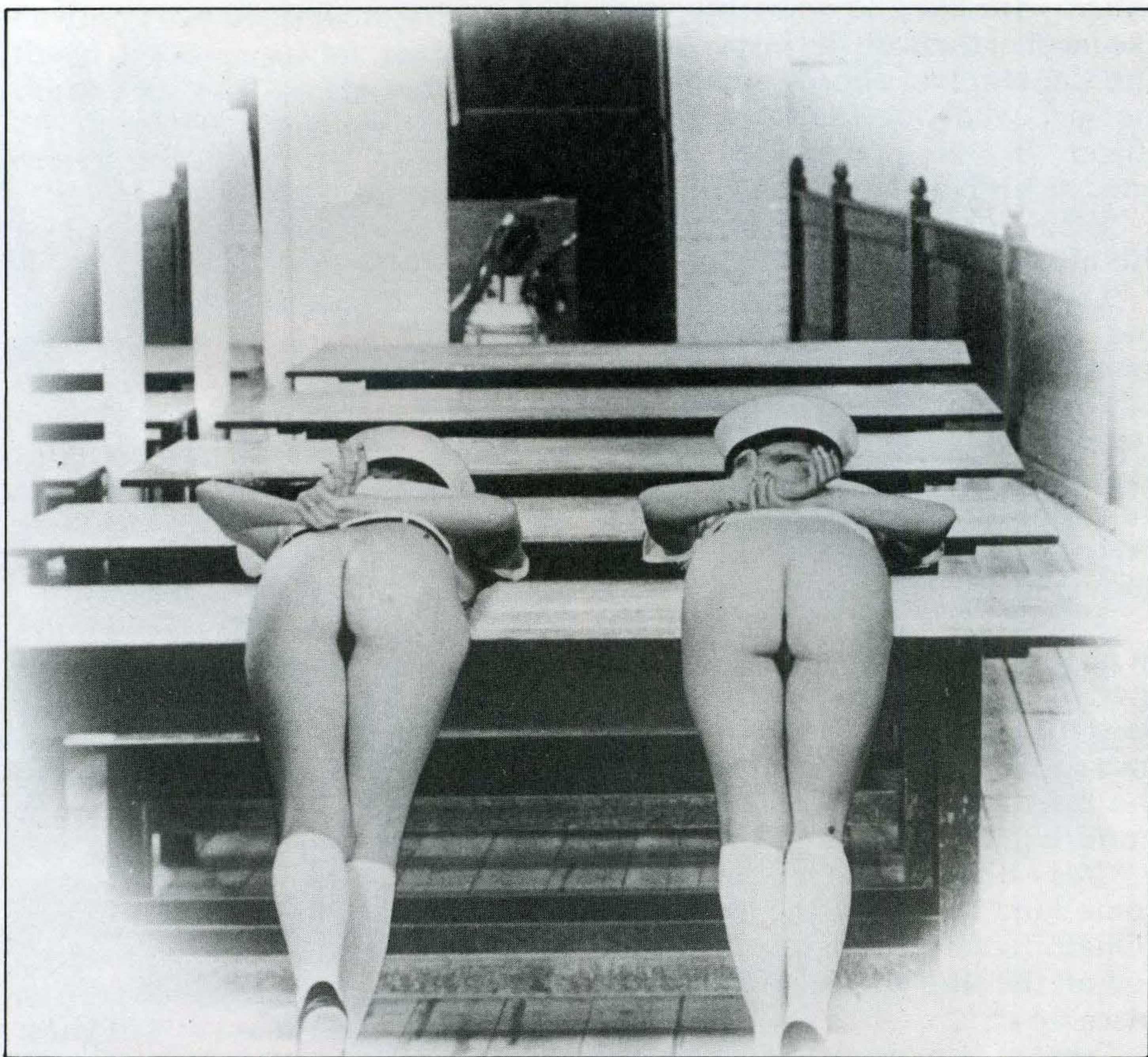
"I wonder – perhaps you know that one of my tasks on these visits is to interview a few of the girls – in private, that is – to get an idea of their points of view with respect to conditions as they apply to *them* at these establishments. Ah – d'you think your steward – Cranley? Was that her name? D'you think she'd make a suitable interviewee?"

"Er – yes, I should say so". The Captain wasn't sure of his man any longer – but he could hardly start any cover-ups now, not with the cards already dealt. Perhaps it had been a mistake after all. He began to think about his pension entitlement and wondered whether he was about to say goodbye to it.

"Fine. Well, would you mind if I had my chat with her when she comes back?"

"Alright with me, Mr. Vallis" said the Captain, a trifle too heartily. This had all the makings of a catastrophe, if his information had been wrong.

"Good, so that's agreed then". The inspector reached for his briefcase and took out an ominous-looking pad of forms, then looked up at his host. "By the way – the crew-leader in the boat which brought me across – Mar-



Mess deck punishment report

ley, I think she said her name was".

"Marley? Oh yes". Now what was he up to.

"How old is she?"

"Er – coming on eighteen, I should think. I could find out".

"No, no. It's just that she seems a little inexperienced in handling her cadets – she made rather a mess of coming alongside this morning, you know".

"Yes, I heard – "What *was* he up to?"

"I wondered whether you thought she ought to be replaced – perhaps temporarily, that would be up to you – and another of the girls in her crew given the chance to show what she could do".

"Ah – well, I don't see why not, if you think so". It seemed best to go along with him – that way things wouldn't get any worse!

"Fine". The inspector shuffled his papers. "And out of interest, what would you say would be a suitable punishment – I'm speaking of corporal punishment, of course – for a senior cadet whose negligence in boat-handling put the safety of a passenger at risk? And here I'm speaking of myself, Captain". He eyed the Captain in a bland way that was somehow all the more threatening for its lack of expression.

"Well, I suppose the rules allow for her to be caned, just as any cadet might be –".

"Would you think that to be a suit-

able punishment – a caning?"

"Ah – well, yes. But I rely upon my senior cadets quite heavily – I wouldn't want to undermine the girl's authority in front of her juniors. I mean, I shouldn't think I've had Marley's knickers down – for punishment that is, of course – in the last six months".

The inspector smiled a thin smile. "Whereas you've had her knickers down for other purposes, Captain?"

"No no. Of course not. That wasn't what I meant at all". It hadn't been what he'd meant, needless to say, although the inspector's interpretation had been too damned near the mark for comfort. The Captain gave in. "Well, let's say the girl *does* deserve a caning shall we, Mr. Vallis. May I take it that you'd like to see her get it?"

Knowing that he'd hit upon a chink in the Captain's armour, the inspector felt free to say "Yes, you may take it that I should like to see the girl punished, Captain".

The Captain puffed aggressively on his pipe, nodded his approval, and turned suddenly to bark at the unfortunate Cadet Cranley, who had reappeared in the doorway with two glasses and a brandy bottle on a tray.

"Don't you know better than to barge into this cabin without knocking girl?"

Cadet Cranley stopped in her tracks and a glass toppled over on the tray and broke into pieces.

The captain got to his feet and caught the girl a hefty slap on the buttocks.

"I'll deal with you when Mr. Vallis has had a word with you, Cranley. Right now I need a breath of fresh air". He left the cabin and shut the door heavily behind him, leaving Cadet Cranley bewildered by the suddenness of events and worming her hips distractedly as the sting of the spank sank in. Her frightened eyes met the inspector's and she burst into tears.

The inspector watched the girl, who was no more adequately covered than she had been earlier, and slowly she stopped her crying and attempted to concentrate upon her assigned task.

"Um - s-sir, would you like a drink?"

"No, thank you". The inspector crossed his legs and motioned to her to put down the tray.

"What's your first name?" he enquired pleasantly.

"Sir - Susan, sir". She stood now with her hands folded demurely in front, but her attempt at a modest pose was altogether spoiled by the impudent thrust of her young breasts and the rather snooty way her pink nipples pointed in different outward and upward directions.

"Susan - are you happy here? Hmm?"

The conflict between self-preservation and the longing to tell someone just how awful it was on this ship was evident in her troubled face, but her eyes met his, frank and appealing, as though she thought that he might be someone she could trust.

"Sir - n-not really sir. I wish I could go back home sir".

"Do you my dear? And what is it that's so dreadful here that you wish you could go home, eh?"

Stuck for words, fearful of saying too much, Susan could do no more than gesture hopelessly with her hands - the plump pout of her pubes was disclosed for a moment. She saw the inspector's eyes drop to the level of her knickers and folded her hands there again, but then in a gesture which she probably hoped would be interpreted as an expression of trust, she let her hands swing down to her side. It wasn't lost on the inspector.

"Ah - have you been Captain's Steward on other occasions, Susan?"

"Sir, once sir, about two weeks ago".

"I see - and is that - " He indicated the girl's near nakedness - "the usual dress for a steward on this ship?"

"Umm - well, no, not really sir". She seemed embarrassed.

"So it's specially for my benefit, eh?"

"Sir - I suppose it must be". She blushed as she sought for the words.

"Um - we - we aren't usually allowed knickers, sir". Her cheeks were crimson as she looked down at her feet.

"No knickers?" He said it mildly, but if anything the flush in Susan's cheeks heightened.

"N-no sir - not on Captain's Steward sir. It - it's very humiliating sir".

"I see". His crossed-over leg swung lazily, the girl watching his polished brown shoe for somewhere to cast her nervous glance. He left the obvious question aside for the moment.

"And what else do you find makes you unhappy - mmm?"

"Sir - getting caned is worst sir".

"Hmm". He caught the momentary flutter of her eyelashes as she looked up at him then away again. Greatly daring, she risked initiating a fresh turn to the conversation.

"Sir - the girls say you're someone important sir. Someone from the Ministry. Are you sir, someone important?"

The inspector noted this develop-



Distress signals

ment with interest. "Yes - I suppose you could say I'm sort of important. Why d'you ask?"

Susan swallowed audibly before she risked speaking again. "Sir - after this - after you've finished with me - the Captain's going to cane me sir. I-I hate being c-caned -". She looked at him pathetically, near to tears again. The inspector smiled at her, seeming sympathetic.

"So -". The girl's tack was transparently obvious - you'd like me to

intervene? To save you and your pretty little bottom from the Captain and his cane? Is that it?"

"Er - well, yes sir, I suppose that's what I mean". Her hands moved to her hips, thumbs tucking into the waistband of her insubstantial knickers. The inspector watched - there was no mistaking the inference of that little motion. He watched as she plucked up her courage then inched her pants down from her hips, a crinkle of pubic hair appearing as she slipped the knickers down to the tops of her thighs. She put her hands behind her back and wouldn't look at him - this helpless offering of the only thing she had, her sweet youthfulness and her body's most precious secret - stirred the inspector to consider the possibilities; possibilities which had to be rejected the moment they came into his mind for fear of the consequences which might ensue if he gave way to his natural impulses and was then discovered by someone coming in unexpectedly. But the girl had advanced, hesitantly but still determinedly, to within arms-reach of his chair. The fresh, warm smell of her body was in his nostrils the invitation becoming more difficult to decline. Almost unconsciously the inspector's hand reached out, stroked the inside of her upper thigh with the back of a finger, delved between her legs, slipped two fingers along the warm, moist tunnel and felt her shiver at his violation of her modesty, or perhaps it was shock at her own invitation to him to have done it. The full, soft weightiness of her bum-cheeks, explored briefly from between her legs, made him think of the caning the Captain was about to give her - the caning which he would let the Captain give her, sweet pleading or not. He withdrew his hand, letting a finger trail down between her cheeks, feeling her little start as he touched a sensitive area on the way back.

"Well now Susan - I'm not sure I should interfere in the Captain's plans for this nice little bottom of yours, you know".

She edged a little away, just a sort of mental distancing from the disappointment that the inspector's words implied.

"Sir - please, I really don't want to be caned - it frightens me; even thinking about it scares me sir!"

"How many strokes will the Captain give you d'you think, Susan?"

She swallowed again, her nerve beginning to go now that this last chance to avoid her punishment seemed to be slipping away. "Er - t-twelve sir, probably sir. Actually I don't know -" She trailed off, her

voice catching in her throat.

"Well I'm really not at all sure I should interfere, Susan". He looked up at her, his face bright as though he'd just had a good idea. "But if you're really frightened -".

"Sir - I am sir. I don't want the cane sir -". She looked terrified, in fact, her lips moistly apart, her eyes wide, her cheeks pink. "Please sir -".

"Very well, Susan - I shall stay here and see it through with you". He said it boldly as a man would who was preparing to demonstrate his great loyalty to a friend by the making of a considerable sacrifice.

"Oh - sir, please -".

"No, no, I insist. It's the least I can do". He slapped her bottom playfully. "Now then, run along and tell the Captain I've finished with you - oh, and this conversation is to remain strictly between you and me, alright?"

The girl looked at him fearfully - he slapped her again. "Come on - don't worry. I shall be here to look after your interests Susan".

Susan backed awkwardly away. The inspector 'shooed' her towards the door with a wave of his hand and she turned and went, her step leaden her face turning towards him one last time, only to be waved away again. Bursting into tears she turned the door handle, realising only when she had opened it that her knickers weren't where they ought to be. With a sob she yanked them up - too much, because they slid up between her cheeks and left her bottom virtually bare but she seemed not to notice and scampered from the cabin, her crying fading with her running footsteps.

Susan's caning was a very noisy affair. Swishy canes on girl's bare bottoms make a sound that might not be heard very clearly through a heavy oak door, but a girl's yells as she is thrashed have a more piercing quality which no door can adequately muffle. Susan's caning was no secret on that ship.

Spreadeagled across the cabin's big table, her knickers taken down and off and stuffed nonchalantly into the Captain's pocket, Susan began her sobbing even as the cane was first presented to the impudent upswell of her satin-pink bum cheeks, then flicked as if to assess this particular bottom's firmness and resilience to the cane. With the inspector holding both her hands and keeping her well stretched-out, her face, when she looked up, was no more than a couple of feet from her "supporter's" own as he sat in his chair and leaned a little back to exert a slight but constant tension on her arms. Her young breasts were squeezed against the table by her weight, her belly squeaked

against the polished wood as she fidgeted nervously while the Captain's cane toyed with the insouciance of her bum - then "thwack!" The cane descended.

Susan's head jerked back - over her shoulder the inspector could see the twitch of her buttocks as the cane's venom sank home. Again the captain brought the cane down across the crowns of both cheeks, and Susan's tears splashed onto the inspector's lap as she threw her head from side to side, her mouth open as she first gasped then sobbed in a series of descending tones, over and over again.

Her caning proceeded methodically; when her legs began scissoring up and down the Captain trapped them against his side with his free hand and caned the agile buttocks with a backhand stroke diagonally across the cheeks, although even his sizeable bulk was barely sufficient to anchor the squealling cadet in the moments immediately following the cane's crisp arrival. By the time the twelve strokes had been delivered, her reactions to it were virtually uncontrollable. When the inspector finally released her there were reddening marks around the girl's wrists from the tightness of the grip it had taken to hold her; His glimpse of her thrashed bottom as she stumbled back from the table and the colouration that the cane had engendered in those previously pale pink cheeks was startling. Hardly recognising that what the Captain was holding out to her was her knickers Susan struggled to stand to attention as the Captain entered the fact of her punishment into a book, and doing things strictly by the rules because of the inspector's presence, read out to her the entry he had made. The girl's legs alternately bent and straightened convulsively and one knee lapped over the other even when she could stand up straight, and all the while her buttocks trembled and squeezed together in an independent little routine which they maintained even when Susan had stepped into her pants and hauled them up.

Weeping still, Susan was dismissed and the Captain poured himself a brandy into the remaining glass without even thinking of offering a drink to the inspector. Perhaps it was just as well - Mr. Vallis' heightened blood-pressure might not have been able to take the additional stimulation of the Captain's brandy. Besides, there was still the business of crew-leader Marley's punishment to superintend - *that* he was really looking forward to!

The Senior Cadet's public humiliation took place on the deck im-

mediately below the Captain's cabin. Had the ship been at sea they might have bared the girl's bum to the sea air and done it on the upper deck, but the Captain quite sensibly preferred to keep his disciplinary activities as a matter for shipboard awareness only. The ten girls of Senior Cadet Marley's boat were assembled to witness their crew-leader's punishment. Allison Marley herself was told to parade them and to report her crew as being all present to the Captain, during which piece of ceremony she was presumably not supposed to notice that the bow-girl - the one whose bottom she had whacked when the boat-hook had fallen into the water - was carrying the cane which was to be used across her bottom in a few minutes time. Bravely Allison ordered her crew into two ranks and turned to present them and herself to the Captain. She saluted smartly and reported the parade as being ready for punishment to proceed, and then while the Captain inspected the girls ranged behind her, followed by an inspection, chiefly from the rear, of Allison herself, who somehow managed to avoid an eyeball-to-eyeball meeting of glances between herself and the inspector, who was hovering on the gringes of this often-performed ritual and keeping his options open as to his exact position during the forthcoming entertainment, since he hadn't yet worked out which would be the best vantage point to view it from. Of course, he was already enjoying it - the girl herself was as fascinating a picture of teenage femininity one could have imagined. If he had been called upon to record the event for a report back to his ministry, he might truthfully have stated that the girl had been wearing gym shoes, socks, shorts, a tee-shirt and her cap, which she had now passed to one of her crew to hold. On the face of it, nothing to raise an eyebrow about. A more accurate report, however, would have recorded that Allison had been less dressed than undressed and a photograph might well have given an upward lift to more than eyebrows in the office.

Allison's tits, which had excited the inspector's attention earlier up on deck, were an especial treat; not particularly because they were large, they were not; nor because they were exactly womanly - Allison's whole presentation of herself made her look more like a healthy sixth-form school-girl than a woman; no, it had to do with the way they carried themselves - firm but inviting, uplifted but cup-pable in the hand - in fact, very much like the girl's bottom in all these respects. And that was a comparison

which in the circumstances, was easy enough to observe. Allison's tee-shirt, no doubt specially "tailored" for just such occasions as these, stopped short on a horizontal line just below her nipples – the fine upcurve of the underside of her breasts could be plainly seen. As she had saluted the Captain, the raising of her arm had been the cue for the nipple of her right breast to peep cheekily from below the angled hem of the tee-shirt, the whole firm weightiness of both tits bobbing faintly as the girl had brought her hand snappily down to her side. As for her shorts, they had been trimmed and hemmed to proportions no more generous nor modest than the tee-shirt; at the back they curved up so steeply across each buttock that they hardly departed from the crease of her bum until they had reached the top of that soft division of bum-cheeks, whilst at the front, the same tailoring technique had pared down the material until it was little more than a wide seam which appeared between the girl's thighs, dipped snugly between softly swollen labia and ascended in a narrow downward pointing arrow to the girl's waist. If presentation counted for anything, Allison was the most erotically decorative young cadet that the inspector had ever seen.

Allison wasn't required to remove any part of her scanty clothing – there was, indeed, hardly the need – before she was told to step forward and spread herself laterally across an overturned half-barrel – an unusually large one – which, as the inspector noted, had been provided on one side with cut-out hand holds and on the other with similar but larger places, padded inside on their lower surfaces, into which the girl to be punished would place her knees, these lodgements being sufficiently widely-spaced as to require that her legs were parted at an angle to each other which approached some forty-five degrees. Thus presented, with her body curved across the barrel's fat belly and her bottom conveniently at waist height, Allison was ready for her punishment.

The girl carrying the cane stepped smartly forward and handed it with both hands to the Captain, then stepped back into line. Across her own semi-exposed bottom-cheeks the marks of Allison's cane was plainly visible beyond the coverage line of her shorts – her expression, though not so unseamanlike as to be worthy of remark, held a glow of satisfaction as she resumed her place and bent her glance upon the upturned bottom of the girl who had made her life miserable for the previous few months.

The eighteen strokes of the caning took some ten minutes to administer – Allison's conduct, as the cane whipped across her plumped-out bum-cheeks, was that of an ordinary teenaged girl whose bottom was as vulnerable to the cut of a cane as that of any girl who was trying desperately, almost endearingly, to be very brave yet failing to be quite brave enough. The first stroke, which was hard and low across the undercurve of both cheeks together, wrenched a shudder from her body and a shiver from her buttocks, but no more than a faint gasp in the way of vocal protest. The second stroke, an inch or so higher up the swell of her bum, brought a little forward jerk across the barrel and a convulsive tweaking together of her bottom-cheeks while the cane was drawn back and held in readiness for the next stroke. Allison's gasp was clearly audible this time; in the ranks of watching girls more than one pair of buttocks reacted in sympathy with twitching of the crew-leader's bottom.

By the sixth stroke, Allison's bum had livened up considerably. As the "whack" of the cane still echoed along the deckhead, there was a scrabbling noise as she lost her handhold on the far side of the barrel and a gasp that had more than a hint of panic in it. A second gasp, sounding more frantic, accompanied a lift of her hips and a slow worming of her bottom which took several seconds to subside and which was the first of a series of such pathetic little movements that after a few more strokes would become a sustained squirming that persisted through the interval between every subsequent cane stroke.

Stroke number twelve, and Allison's gasps were now hearty sobs which died away only just before the cane whipped across her buttocks for the thirteenth time. Allison squealed and wrenched her bum sideways across the barrel. She lost her fingerhold again and her hand waved plaintively back towards the twitching buttocks as if to clasp the crimsoned cheeks "Stop that!" came the Captain's stern voice – Allison's hand returned reluctantly to its proper place and the caning continued.

Thereafter Allison's active young bottom didn't desist from its panicky wriggling at any time, and every stroke accelerated the rate at which it swerved from side to side, with little liftings-up and bumpings-down when the cane delivered a particularly meaty whack across its crimson-wealed target.

With stroke sixteen, Allison at last gave way to the tears which she had so nearly defied altogether, and her

weeping marked the end of her determination to be a brave girl. The seventeenth stroke had her blubbering for it to stop – "Oh please sir, please no more!" – but the last stroke swept down and cracked as hard as all the rest across Allison's frantically squirming bum. Her panic-stricken yells gave way to uncontrolled sobbing as she was ordered up from her place across the barrel and she couldn't help but clutch at her trembling bottom even when she saluted the Captain and turned to march her squad away. The girls, although they all had reason enough to want to see their crew-leader whipped, helpfully obeyed, sobbed words of command even though they were almost incomprehensible, and the girls marched away followed by the unsteady, still weeping Allison with her bobbing cane-reddened bottom perfectly displayed in all its nakedness by the almost non-existent shorts.

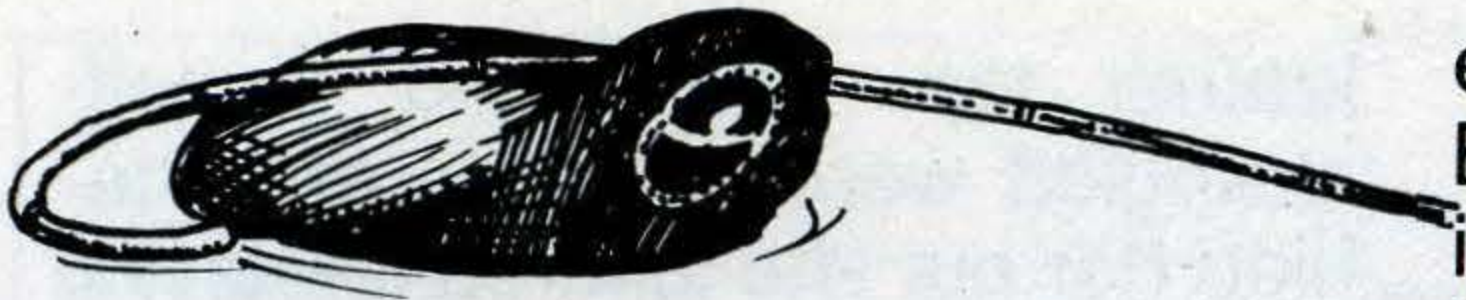
Some twenty minutes later, his visit having achieved its various objects both official and otherwise, the inspector climbs down the ladder over the side of the ship and drops awkwardly into the whaler alongside. Averting her eyes from him, indeed from everyone, Allison stands in the bow of the boat with the boat-hook, holding the whaler close to the hull of the "Viceroy". Someone, presumably the new crew-leader who was to have taken over as soon as Allison's punishment had been completed – has obviously refused the other girl permission to change into her regulation shorts. She is wearing the same tee-shirt as all the others but her punishment shorts still display the plump canedness of her bum cheeks and a glance at the new crew-leader, the girl who had been bow-girl on the outward trip – convinces the inspector that Allison's lack of covering for her bottom is no mere piece of cattiness on the new crew-leader's part. Although she has a respectful air about her with the inspector in her boat and probably hasn't had time to gain sufficient confidence to assert her authority properly with a VIP looking on, from the way she carries the cane across her knees and flicks it now and then against her own bare thigh, the inspector would guess that she is quietly assessing what degree of swish the implement needs to induce what decree of sting on bare flesh. Once the inspector is out of the way the ready accessibility of those bare and well-caned buttocks, glowing tenderly in the bow of the whaler is no doubt going to be exploited to the full.

BASIC TRAINING

Starting at the bottom



Junior NCO Selection Commitee



The atmosphere in the drill hall that morning was charged with the same kind of electric tension that pressages the onset of a thunderstorm. There was silence, of a kind, but the very quiet itself seemed to be buzzing at a pitch that the ear couldn't quite reach, so that girls felt uneasy and sensed the little hairs on the backs of their necks standing on end. The three ranks, standing at attention, were drawn up facing the double half-glazed doors at the far end of the hall, through which the phalanx of visiting V.I.P.s would enter at any moment. Six paces in front of the first rank, two girls wearing white webbing belts and diagonal shoulder straps flanked two other girls whose dress, though the same as that of the girls drawn up behind them, was arranged somewhat differently. Their shorts, together with their knickers, had been pulled down off the plump cheeks of their bums and were now stretched in tight creases across the backs and fronts of their bare legs, with two inches or so of daylight to be glimpses between the level of the re-arranged knickers and shorts and the apex of each pair of thighs. Although eyes were supposed to be directed to the front when standing at attention, fixed on some imaginary and distant point, there wasn't one of the girls lined up behind the two unfortunates in whose honour the parade was being held, who didn't let her gaze drift frequently towards those bared and nervous bottom-cheeks, presently pink and smooth and unmarked, whose trembly sauciness reminded every one of the witnesses that her own bottom would have looked just the same had she had the misfortune to have earned a place at the front of this punishment parade. As a sharp reminder of the consequences of failing to do one's duty to one's utmost ability, those two naked and helpless bottoms had already had a salutary effect on every other girl in the hall that morning – there wasn't one who hadn't pictured herself in the place of the girls who were to be caned, and not one who hadn't promised herself that she would do everything in her power to avoid such a fate befalling her.

Standing rigidly to attention – or as rigidly as a girl can stand at attention given the femininity of her physiology – and a little apart from the assembly awaiting the arrival of the C.O. and his entourage of voy-

eurs, Corporal Cadet Charlotte Barnes, though she was notionally in-charge of the parade and was therefore supposedly on the side of the establishment in these proceedings, allowed even *her* eyes to wander to the two girls' bottoms at unguarded moments, and perhaps with more reason to do so than those in her charge. Because for Corporal Cadet Barnes there was no consolation to be had from promising herself that she would do her best not to let it happen to *her* – in approximately twenty short minutes, while these two miscreants were still weeping their humiliated tears and touching gingerly at their caned bums, she would be taking her own knickers down in the C.O.'s office, regulations about corporal punishment *in camera* notwithstanding, and would be obliged to pay a second time with her own tears for the sins of those whom she had been made responsible for.

That such self-indulgence on the C.O.'s part was supposedly quite outside the accepted scheme of things so far as the rules were concerned, was in reality neither here nor there, since there was non-one to curb or even to comment upon his penchant for pretty teenage cadets. It had been that same tendency to self-indulgence that had prompted him to select young Charlotte for promotion to corporal, even though she, like the rest of her intake, had had only the usual six weeks basic training and was hardly ready for even junior NCO rank. He had decided upon a snap inspection of the cadets' shower room just as Charlotte's group had come back from a muddy cross-country run. Tired though they had been, the girls had 'jumped to it' – naked, water running down their bodies and streaking their mud-spattered legs, impudently firm young breasts pushing pert nipples under the C.O.'s nose, they had stood to attention and goose-pimpled in the draught from the open door while he had 'inspected' them, 'about turned' them – for a good long look at their bums, of course, and an experimental pat here and there – 'double-marched' them on the spot and made them all touch their toes fifty times each while he paced along behind the row and coaxed them to better efforts with smart, wet-sounding slaps to their tight-skinned bottoms as they bobbed breathlessly up and down. Perhaps Charlotte's young buttocks had felt a touch more resilient to the slapping palm, or possibly her tits had bounced a little more perkily than other girls' –

for whatever reason, she had been awarded her stripes that same day at a little ceremony the C.O. had conducted in his office. Charlotte – now Corporal Cadet Charlotte Barnes – had crept back into the dormitory at half-past eleven and sewn on her stripes, and then she had quietly cried herself to sleep, having at last been given the bare-bottomed caning – 'just so she knew what it felt like' – that she had so diligently avoided by sheer hard work right the way through basic training.

Since then, with her tight little uniform shorts hiding cane weals or the traces of a good, hard spanking most days of the week, Charlotte's bottom had been reddened and made to wriggle, had bounced and squirmed as the degree of punishment it received had varied with the progress, or lack of it, of her platoon throughout the long slog of advanced training. In desperation to increase the efficiency of her unit, and even though she had known that a girl punished by the C.O. meant that she would herself have to suffer for the girl's offence in the seclusion of the C.O.'s office shortly thereafter, Charlotte had reported half of the platoon for slackness and had had to watch eleven skittish young bottoms turn stripey red one after the other across the punishment bench, and had then been made to take her own knickers down for a spanking that had lasted so long she had run out of tears and had been left slumped across a chair back gasping to herself that there just had to be some other way – there just *had* to!

Perhaps the C.O. had heard her plaintive whispers, or perhaps he had planned it all along; anyway, a day or two later she had been sent for by the senior civilian administrative officer and told that, if she wished, she could transfer onto the C.O.'s personal staff as a driver – she would go on a seven day driving course at the Central Driving School – and should she decide to accept the posting – she was amazed to hear that she had a choice – the usual two year conscription period would no longer apply to her, and she would be deemed to have completed her service one year to the day after joining the C.O.'s staff. She had been given two days to decide, and today was the day.

Charlotte had at first concluded that it would be lunacy to take up the offer; things were bad enough already. But then she thought about it some more and realised that as a driver she wouldn't necessarily be

driving the C.O., she might hardly ever see him, and anyway, even if things didn't get any better, they could hardly get worse. A year of spankings and canings, awful though the prospect was, just *had* to be half as awful as nearly two years of the same if she decided not to take the posting. Charlotte had made up her mind to do it. Meanwhile, here she was again, presenting two more of her platoon for canings, with the usual knickers-down session in the office afterwards still to come.

Distantly she heard the clip of shoes on linoleum, and the noise of a door opening. The other girls heard it too, and a whisper of anticipation went along the ranks. Charlotte turned her head and the whispers ceased instantly – none of them wanted to be told to join the

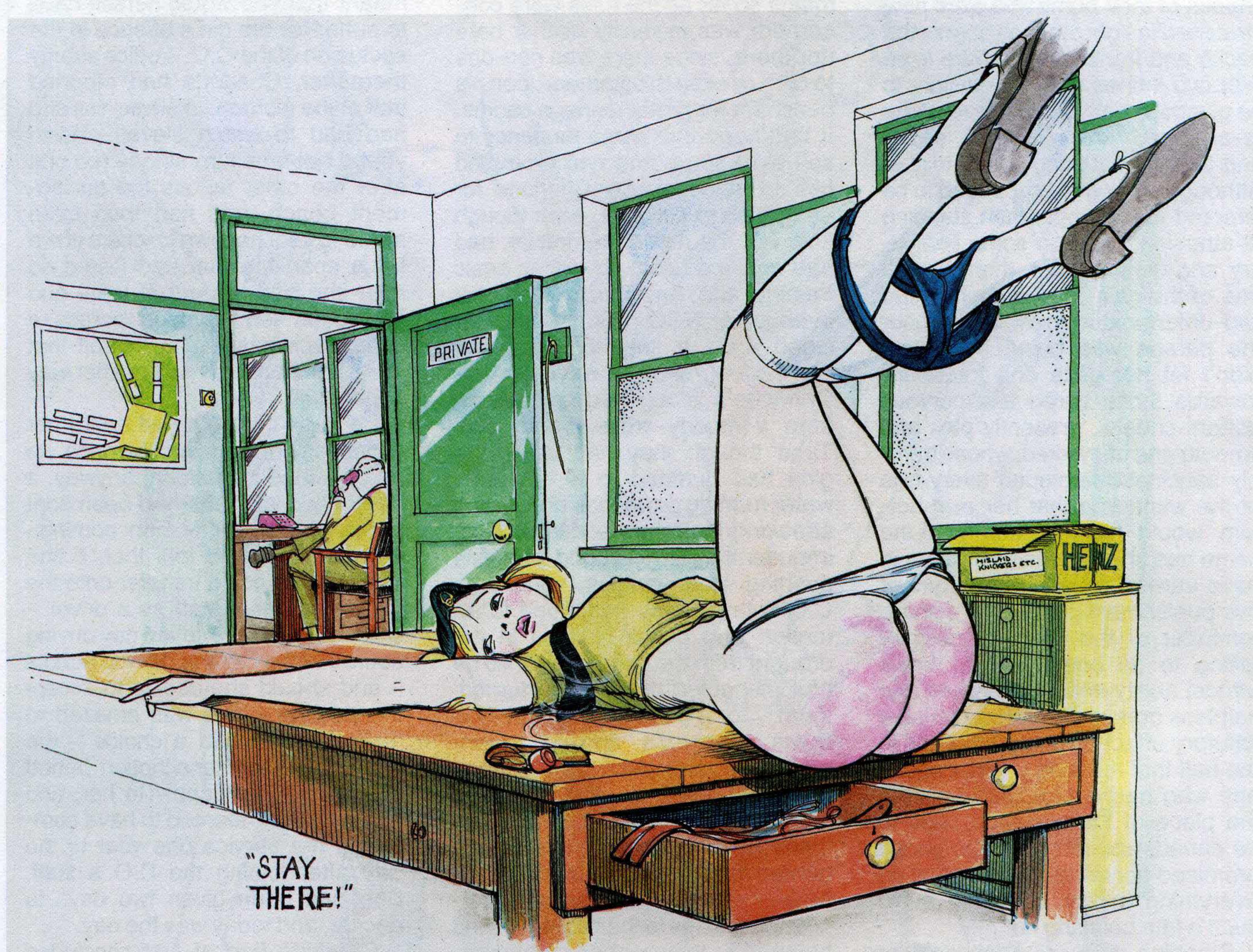
girls at the front at the last minute.

The two girls who were to be punished stood nervously at attention as the C.O. and his group of visitors filed into the hall. Their conversation ceased; all eyes went to the two half-naked girls – up to their faces and then down to the plump pout of pubic mounds, except for the C.O., who beckoned Charlotte over.

She marched smartly out to the front and took the keys of a cupboard from him. At the side of the hall there was a waist-high bench or horse over which the girls were to be bent to receive their punishments. At a word from Charlotte two girls broke from the ranks and ran to the bench to drag its weighty bulk to the middle of the hall, while she took a cane from the punishment cupboard and carried it to the bench and placed it squarely on the padded

leather top. The sound of half-strangled weeping came from behind her but she ignored it – crying was only to be expected, and the girl certainly had plenty to cry about. Charlotte turned on her heel and returned to her place, noticing the weeping girl's weak-kneed look and wondering if she was about to faint or something equally awkward, like wet her pants.

It was the girl who was crying who was to be dealt with first, a decision made on the spot and without formality by the C.O.; no doubt she was chosen simply because she was crying and might make a better show. She was marched forward and made to stand at bare-bottomed attention whilst the reason for her punishment was read out, then she was told to get herself across the bench, feet off the floor with her





An unmilitary mess!

bum arranged across the angle of the horizontal top and the sloping sides so that it was neatly presented to the cane. The C.O. himself took the cane from under the girl's tummy as she got into position, and without any further preliminaries the first stroke arrived solidly across both cheeks at once. All around the hall bottoms flinched in sympathy – or gratitude that it wasn't them up on the horse – and the V.I.P.s watched in silence, save for one elderly man who, seemingly unashamed of his obvious enjoyment of the spectacle, muttered 'excellent, excellent', as the girl who was providing their amusement howled at the top of her voice. She continued to howl, more and more loudly, as the full eleven strokes were applied with a remorseless regularity, having to be held across the bench by the two girls who were doing duty as escorts, and Charlotte too had to step forward to assist in keeping the girl's struggles under control.

Blubbering and wobbly-legged, the girl was sent to stand out the front again whilst the second girl was put through the same harrowing experience, with girls in the ranks crying themselves at the awesome sight of a bum that might so easily have been theirs', indeed *had* been theirs' on other occasions, squirming violently as the cane lashed vivid reddening cane weals across what had been smooth, virgin buttocks a few minutes earlier. Charlotte's own reaction to the sight was doubly disturbing, since she had been responsible for the girls' selection for this morning's 'demonstration' – it was, after all, hardly more than that, put on for the lascivious enjoyment of the C.O. and his friends.

'Corporal!' Charlotte forced her expression into one of attentiveness and stepped forward to take the cane from the C.O. as the girl who had just been caned was sent back to her place beside the other, still-weeping girl. Without raising his voice above a whisper, the C.O. said, 'Oh – and you can bring this cane to the office with you in five minutes.' Charlotte's face must have betrayed her shocked feelings – she was almost always spanked, not caned. The C.O. read her look. 'V.I.P.s here today, Charlotte. We have to do our best to entertain them, don't we?'

'Yes sir.' was all Charlotte could say.

Five minutes later she was knocking on the C.O.'s office door; a minute after that and she was wear-

Punishment P.T.



ing no more than her stockings, her bra and her knickers – and it was only a minute more before her pants too had been confiscated – stumbling through the ritual of apologies she was always required to make whilst the visitors, crowded into the little room, wandered their eyes over her young body and whispered vulgar comments to each other in tones just loud enough for Charlotte to hear.

‘Hope you’re going to cane her, Colonel.’

The Colonel was, indeed. Charlotte tried to hold her panic in check as she was made to get across the desk, made to spread her legs wide, made to hold her bum up off the desk’s edge so that the cane would be able to reach up under the outswell of her buttocks. He caned her less viciously than he had caned the other girls – nonetheless Charlotte’s bottom blossomed with a dozen ridgy cane marks that had her squealing for pity and struggling to her feet less than halfway through so that the C.O.’s friends had to be asked to hold her down across the desk for the balance to be administered. Charlotte’s humiliation was completed when she was made to stand at attention in front of them all a second time and stumble tearfully through her apologies again. Then the C.O. handed her the cane to put back in the cupboard outside. He smiled down at her as though he had just conferred a considerable favour upon her, and said. ‘Doubtless you’ll be pleased to know, Charlotte, that that was your last caning here. Tomorrow you will go to headquarters, Eastern Division, for your medical prior to going to the Central Driving School. The day after that you will report to my official residence. Understood?’

‘Yes sir.’ Charlotte managed to say between her sobs, and then she was dismissed. She left the room with tears still streaming down her face and her uniform tucked under her arm. Outside she breathed a sigh of either relief that she was going at last, or of dread that she would be going to the C.O.’s home where she would be within reach of a cane twenty four hours a day – she herself didn’t know which emotion was uppermost in her breast. But the C.O.’s parting remark had ominous overtones. ‘You’ve had your last caning *here*, Charlotte’. That probably wasn’t the good news it might have sounded like. Tearful and bewildered, Charlotte hurried away to her dormitory to get her things in order for the move.

A large car, chauffeur-driven, swishes through the rainy darkness on the last stretch of the M1 motorway. In the rear seat, no more than an outline in the dark, a man presses the intercom button.

MINISTERIAL RESPONSIBILITIES

A man of affairs keeps abreast of developments

"How long now, d'you think Harry?"

"Bout twenty minutes, Sir. End of the motorway soon."

"Fine". The intercom switches off. The driver looks automatically in his rear-view mirror and in the brief light of headlamps on the other carriageway he sees only the back of the girl's head and catches a glimpse of the little brass insignia on the shoulder tabs of her blouse. Muttering under his breath he looks in his wing mirror instead. Got no consideration some people! It's things like that cause accidents!

In the back of the car the chauffeur's exasperation is unnoticed and would go unremarked anyway. The man, in his early sixties with well-groomed silvergrey hair, helps the girl maintain her balance with a hand at her waist, while she keeps her own hands on her head and bounces intermittently as the car passes over uneven stretches of tarmac, her knees wedged into the angle between the thickly upholstered seat and the back-rest. He feels the supple reaction of her young body as she leans against the inertial force of the car's sweep round a long bend, his fingers against her warm skin where her blouse has come untucked from the waistband of her skirt, the faint tension of youthful muscles as she straightens herself up again. Up under her skirt his other hand strokes up the inside of her tender-skinned thigh and ventures the touch of a fingertip among the moist little valley inside the damp knickers. He senses the tension returning to her body and smiles at the urgent yet respectful whisper.

"Sir - Sir". In the diminishing headlights of a car behind he sees her bright eyes turned to his, her lips parted and wet-looking. He sees the tip of her tongue peep out to lick - oh so delicately - at the corner of her mouth. Again - "Sir" a note of despair in her voice, a hint of almost-too-lateness.

"Hmm?" He runs his fingertips the other way and she edges forward away from the contact.

"Sir - please". Her eyelids are drooping, her mouth slackening.

"Now, Sally - now don't you dare defy me". Firm words, yet said in such a tolerant and understanding way as almost to encourage the girl to do ex-

actly the opposite thing. If she does, of course, he'll have to pretend to be cross - he strokes her a little closer to the precipice, and then all at once he can feel that she has slipped over the edge.

Panting quietly she pushes pleadingly down against his hand, and he lets her do it, his other hand sliding down her flank and patting her bottom as she subsides against him, her head on his shoulder and her quick breath hot at his neck.

"Naughty girl, Sally", he says into her ear, and pats gently at her thigh while her breathing slows to something more like normal. She stirs against him, warm and sweet-smelling, her nose behind his ear.

"I'm sorry - I didn't mean to do it, I just couldn't help it".

He lets her gather her wits a little longer then gently squeezes a tiny pinch of her bottom. She lets out a meek squeal of protest and says a petulant "Please -", hoping that she can coax him into forgiving her as she sometimes can. But it isn't to be.

"Come along now, you know what happens when you defy me, Miss". He slaps her thigh less gently and she kneels up on the seat again, pouting childishly and complaining that she isn't sure she likes him very much after all, daring him a little but careful not to trespass across the indistinct line between spirited girlishness and real rudeness or disobedience. If she did, he would patronise her no less on the way home, smack her bottom playfully up the stairs when they got there, and very likely cane her so hard that she literally wouldn't be able to sit down at breakfast next day. Sally was always careful not to overstep the mark.

The intercom 'plops' into life. The chauffeur, discreetly helpful as ever; "End of the motorway, Sir".

"Thank you". The man in the back seat looks with mock menace at the kneeling girl, and knowing now that he means it she pushed out her bottom lip a little more and gathers her uniform skirt untidily into both hands and hoists it up to her waist at the front. The pale luminosity of her knickers in the darkness is picked out by regular flashes of amber light as they drop down the incline at the end of the motorway. She reaches behind her and draws the

loose material of her skirt round to the front so that now her bottom will be readily accessible without the inconvenience of her skirt getting in the way.

Without needing to be told, Sally leans sideways while he steadies her at her waist, falling against him for a moment as she extracts her knee from between his legs so that she can make the traverse across the seat. Having crossed to his right-hand side she swivels on her knees, feeling his spanking-hand slipping up the backs of her legs to her bottom, lingering there a moment before nudging her forward so that she will topple across his lap. Still with a look of rueful childishness, she risks poking out the tip of her tongue nervously - he tut-tuts at her and tips her across his knees.

Even in this car, there isn't a lot of room down on the floor - Sally can't see anything much except darkness and her uniform jacket, which has somehow ended up down here with her. Awkward though it is in the cramped space, she worms around until she can get her arms behind her back so that he can hold them should she put up too much of a struggle once the slaps begin to descend. Now her face is against the thick carpet and her feet are wedged against the door so that she can't straighten her legs; she is bent tightly across the man's knees so that the plump undersides of her buttocks are smoothed out into a curve that meets the backs of her thighs without interruption - it is this velvet-skinned bit of bareness above the tops of her stockings that feels the first teasing spank.

"Ooh-!" Sally presses her knees one against the other and pushes her feet against the door. Another spank on the other thigh and then she feels fingers at the waistband of her knickers. She squeezes her cheeks together as her pants slip down over her hips, and the little wiggle of her bum as she feels them slither down her legs isn't all cock-teasing bravado - this play-time spanking is likely to hurt almost as much as the real one!

"Oogh!" Her bottom trembles as he begins her spanking, and it isn't long before Sally's muffled cries are in earnest. She struggles fitfully across his uncomfortable knees and begins to push spasmodically against the door

with her feet. The bent-over nakedness of her bottom is lit suddenly by street-lamps of a different colour, and then the car slows to a halt. From outside, Sally can hear the bustle of traffic and the ticking over of engines close by. She struggles to be let up – "Please sir –" but her bottom is simply stroked and patted until the car is on the move again, when the spanking resumes with the same insistent rhythm. Several spansks, certainly weighty enough to prompt the girl to tears given the fresh tenderness of her little bum, one applied much harder than the others have been, and Sally's wriggles now owe nothing at all to coquettishness and everything to the hot tingle in her bottom.

The intercom clicks on. "Couple of minutes now, sir". Sally feels her hands released and she wangles them down to floor-level so that she can lift her face off the carpet. She dashes a hand across her cheeks, brushing away little tear drops, but as he helps her back to an upright position the dampness along her eyelashes gives her away. He chides her pleasantly about the tears and she smiles a tiny brave smile, although her little-girl pout rather spoils it.

"Well – if you *will* be a wilful girl, Sally, you've only yourself to blame". He helps her with her knickers and settles them around her spank-warmed bottom – she can feel herself blushing as she realises that all this is happening in the middle of Golders Green's main thoroughfare, but doubts if he'll notice her embarrassment in the darkness. She kneels on the seat again to smooth her skirt down, then slides across his lap to subside gratefully on the seat beside him. She rescues her jacket from between her feet and slips into it while he pats her knee and tells her he'll be an hour or so, perhaps a bit longer. "And on the way back we'll see if you've learnt your lesson, eh?"

"Yes sir". Sally gives him a slightly brighter version of her little smile, and then the car turns into a drive and swooshes up to a wide flight of steps in front of a large house. A figure comes down the steps with an umbrella and opens the car door.

"Good evening, Minister. Nasty night for travelling".

"Yes, it is rather". The door slams shut and they go up the steps into the house, while the car drives away to the gates.

The Minister's meeting goes on rather longer than had been expected. It is a matter of presenting the endeavours of his department in such a way as to cast a favourable light upon it, and to do something about quieting the fears expressed even by some government back-benchers that the

Youth Service Programme has not so far shown the expected results and that it is, incidentally, costing more money than had been anticipated. It is almost half past eleven before the meeting has agreed on the way it's case should be presented at tomorrow's cabinet meeting.

They leave the committee room and one of the host's Youth Service girls shows them into the dining room for some light refreshment and a drink for the road. Miles, a longstanding friend of the Minister's, finds an opportunity to take him aside whilst the others are talking.

"How's that girl I found for you Charles? Any fun?"

"Umm, most suitable Miles, couldn't have picked a better one".

"Good, good. Got myself a replacement for Anita. Very sweet little thing – can't be more than a month or two over sixteen, very pretty and learning the ropes too, Charles – know what I mean?"

"Ah – yes, I dare say I do, Miles". He drinks from his glass, a crustless sandwich delicately poised between the fingers of his other hand.

"Like to see her? Eh?" Miles seems eager to show her off and Charles, although he isn't sure he's that interested, doesn't want to appear rude.

"Well – alright".

"Come on then". They leave the dining room and go up the main staircase, then along a hallway and up a second flight of stairs. Another passageway and another staircase and there is a green painted door across a little landing. Miles unlocks it, and Charles finds himself looking into a sparsely-furnished room and confronted by a girl who certainly looks no older than Miles said she was, standing stiffly to attention, pink-cheeked, red-eyed from crying – and naked from head to toe.

"She must've heard us coming, Charles", Says Miles, his voice more mocking, for the girl's benefit, than communicative. Charles notices a heavy-looking strap dangling from a hook on the wall – he also notices that even though the girl is directly facing them, strap marks can be seen around the outsides of her thighs, and even a few coming from between her legs. He looks at his host, feeling suddenly embarrassed. At a signal from Miles – a twirling of a finger in the air – the girl turns round, still standing stiffly at attention. Her bottom is a crimson welter of strap weals; so many that they are undistinguishable one from the other save on the backs of her thighs, where they extend more than half way to her knees. For perhaps a full minute Charles stares at the evidence of the punishments the girl has had to en-

dure, then he turns on his heel and leaves the room.

As he goes down the stairs he hears Miles locking the door behind them, and the sound of a girl's strangled sobs beyond it. Miles catches his visitor at the bottom of the lower staircase. Charles says only the one word – "Goodnight" – and lets himself out of the front door, closing it firmly behind him.

The car is waiting at the foot of the steps. His chauffeur comes round and opens the rear door, and as the interior lights come on their subdued illumination falls on Sally's curled up figure, fast asleep on the wide back seat.

"Must've had a long day sir" says the chauffeur, his eyes taking in the stockinged legs, shoes kicked off, the bare skin at the top of her thighs where her short skirt has ridden up, the pale peep of knickers where they slip between her legs.

"No longer than mine, Harry. But I dare say a little more exhausting in certain respects". He gets into the car and the lights go out. Sally stirs in her sleep. The chauffeur gets in and they drive off through the big gates, then head for the motorway. The Minister lights a cigar and then looks down at the girl, her hair tumbled across the velvety knap of the upholstery, light from the street lamps falling every few seconds onto the bright shoulder flashes of the Youth Service Programme Army Cadet Division.

"Sally –". His voice is considerably quiet, just enough to nudge her into wakefulness. He pats her leg and she comes to, lifting her head and looking blearily around. Her eyes wide.

"Oh – sorry sir!" She sits up, hair falling across her face, skirt up in her lap. "Sorry sir". She blinks sleepily, smiling nervously as she tries to remember something she seems to have forgotten. "Um – sir – did you want me to –?" She gathers her skirt up to her waist, lifting her bottom so that she can pull it out from underneath.

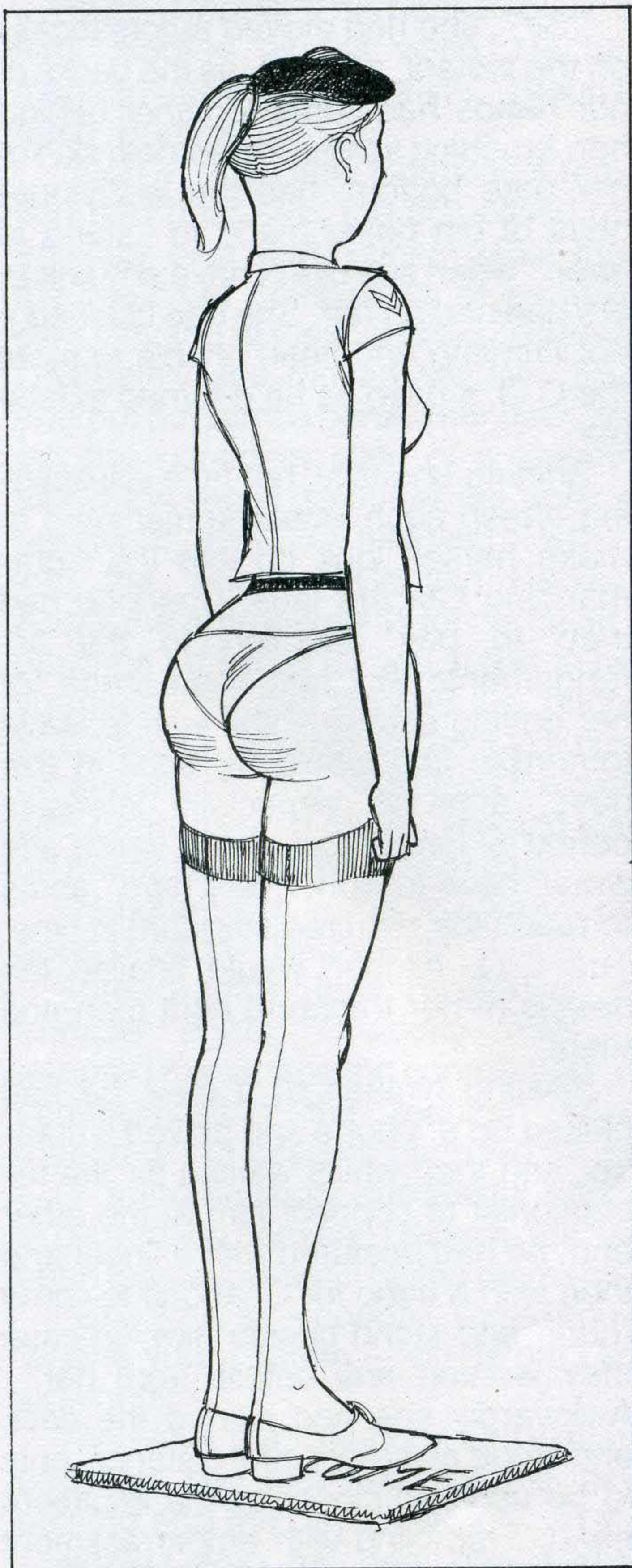
"That's alright, Sally. Let's assume that you *did* learn your lesson on the way down shall we?"

Sally's face takes on the expression of someone about to say an earnest "thank you". She blinks again, her skirt still clutched in her hands, and leans gratefully into him as he reaches out his arm and pulls her against his shoulder. He smells the freshness of her hair, feels the pace of her breathing slow as she begins to nod again. He doesn't disturb her and soon she is asleep. His hand slips down behind her back and his fingers rest on the bare skin of her hip and play idly with the elastic of her knickers. The lights of the motorway slip by and soon he too is asleep.

BEATING RETREAT

Charlotte smartens up

In the nine weeks and two days that Charlotte had been 'in' she'd learnt that smartness in one's appearance was an essential prerequisite if a girl wanted to survive in the Cadet Service's disciplinarian atmosphere. Back at home she wouldn't have dreamt, for instance, of ironing a pair of knickers; for one thing the little nylon pants she used to wear hadn't even seemed to need ironing, and for another, if there had been any ironing to be done her mum would most likely have finished it even before her daughter had managed to get out of bed in the morning. Besides, back at home knickers had been discreet items of underwear that no-one was going to see anyway, once they were on. Things had proven to be a little different recently though.



That afternoon, on her first day at the C.O.'s rambling official "residence" in the quiet Hertfordshire countryside, Charlotte had pressed and ironed every single item of her clothing, including the nine new pairs of white cotton knickers she had been freshly issued with, together with blouses, vests, in fact everything except her actual uniforms themselves, when she had left the Training Centre behind her for good – she hoped – that morning.

The big house had been strangely quiet after the bustling activity of the centre. Apart from an elderly man who had seemed to be expecting her on her arrival and a girl, who despite her lack of N.C.O. rank had been distinctly superior in the offhand way she had shown the newcomer to her room, Charlotte had seen no-one close enough to speak to until the same lofty-mannered girl had sought her out in the laundry room and told her to be on 'reception parade' in the entrance hall at five-fifty. The C.O., it seemed, was on his way.

For ten minutes or so, too unsure of herself to attempt a conversation, Charlotte had waited anxiously in the hallway with three other girls, one of them in the Cadet Trainee uniform of a student nurse, the other two dressed in shorts and tee-shirts – the shorts looked startlingly brief even when compared with the none-too-modest issue at the centre; no doubt one of the C.O.'s whims – and then the stuck-up girl had come clattering down the staircase and called them all to attention. The C.O.'s car had turned into the drive and he would be here any minute.

Even from inside the house, the noise of the car's arrival outside had sounded, to say the least, precipitate. The slither of its wheels on the gravel had preceded by only a fraction of a second a solid thump as something substantial seemed to get in its way. A clash of gears and a revving of the engine had ensued; there had been a clang then a slamming of doors, and the C.O. had appeared in the doorway, trailed by a pink-cheeked cadet who scurried along in his wake.

The C.O. had stopped in the hallway and returned the girl's salutes. He had glanced at them all by turn, acknowledging Charlotte's presence with no more than a snappy remark to the effect that the sooner she went to the Central Driving School the sooner she

would be able to replace the "idiot who has just removed the bumper from my car", and then he had disappeared down a passageway while the girl whose driving had caused all the fuss had scampered over to a keyboard at the foot of the stairs.

Her cheeks blushing rosier by the moment, the C.O.'s young driver had hurried back across the hall, turned a key in the lock of a door marked 'P.R.' and had been reaching up under her skirt for her knickers even before the door had swung too behind her.

The C.O. had returned minus his briefcase and cap to dismiss his reception committee, and as he had gone into the mysterious room, a glimpse through the door of a plump and knickerless bottom bent unhappily across a tall stool had told all too graphically what was about to happen to the C.O.'s unfortunate driver.

"Twelve, I should think" the elderly man had muttered, appearing at Charlotte's elbow as she turned to go back to her room.

"P-pardon?"

"Poor little bugger" he'd said, "E's 'ad her knickers down every day this week –" he'd paused

"You goin' to be 'is new driver, then?"

"er – yes, actually".

He had looked down at her hips, not exactly lasciviously but without troubling to disguise the direction of his glance, and then, unaccountably, he had nodded several times and clucked his tongue.

"Poor little bugger" he'd said again, picking up his former train of thought as he'd turned away. "It don't 'alf make her cry, you know. Break's 'er heart, she does".

From beyond the door marked 'P.R.' had come the muffled 'phutt!' of a cane across bare girl-flesh. A stifled squeal had been accompanied by the sound of the C.O.'s voice, and then a second 'Thwack!' had been followed almost at once by a yelp a whole octave higher than the first.

Charlotte had looked about her and realised that the other girls had disappeared. The man had reached into the voluminous pocket of his dark blue overall and produced a bottle of Brasso and a cloth. He had taken little notice of Charlotte as she had mumbled an excuse and turned towards the staircase.

Tilting the Brasso bottle against the cloth he had wandered over to the door and begun rubbing at its handle with an absent expression on his face, while the cane had descended a third time across the unseen girl's bum. His ear close to the panelling, Charlotte had thought she'd caught the words "Poor little bugger" again as she'd scooted away up the stairs.

The caning of the C.O.'s inefficient young driver had troubled Charlotte considerably – she, after all, was here to take the unfortunate girl's place and her apprehension had not been lessened when the cocky cadet who seemed to be in charge had blundered into her room without knocking.

"Library, half-past eight C.O. wants to see you".

Charlotte had spent the intervening two hours nibbling her nails and pressing her uniform again, so that by the time she was standing outside the library at eight twenty, her heart pounding and her tummy filled with butterflies, Charlotte had looked just as smart as it was possible for a cadet to look. Uniform immaculate, blouse neat, tie just so – but as it turned out she really needn't have bothered to iron her knickers after all.

The elderly caretaker had appeared, wandering apparently aimlessly from the direction of the hallway and apropos of nothing had resumed the one-sided conversation he'd been having with her earlier, just as if he hadn't realised that she'd slipped off in the middle of it.

"Cried 'er eyes out, she did" he'd said. "Twelve 'e gave 'er. Said 'e would. Poor little bugger".

Charlotte had not known how to reply, so she'd smiled nervously – silly, really, considering the subject of the conversation – but he hadn't seemed to notice particularly.

"Only a kid, really. Couple of years ago she probably wouldn't have been old enough to drive at her age. Shouldn't think she's any older than you". He'd looked at her directly, as if properly aware of her for the first time. "How old are you, then, eh?"

"Um – sixteen".

He'd nodded in that strange way he had.

"And – what? Couple of months?"

"Er – sixteen and three months. Well, nearly".

"Hmm. Nope – shouldn't think she's any older than you". He'd looked her over again, unabashed yet somehow without giving offence, so frank was his expression. "Waitin' to see the Old Man, are you?"

"Yes. Um – I-I s'pose he just wants to welcome me onto his staff. Sort of say 'Hello'". She'd said it hopefully, not

wanting to be disillusioned.

"Perhaps". The same open look again – face, breasts, hips. "Course, if you don't want your bum caned, you'd better get out of that skirt".

"P-pardon?"

He'd looked at her for a moment then grinned.

"No-one told you then," He'd glanced at the watch on his wrist. "Reportin' to the old man after eight o'clock, you don't turn up like *that*. After eight o'clock means you ain't just here to say 'allo'".

"Sorry – I don't think I –".

"After eight o'clock, any girl what 'as to report to the Old Man is expected to have herself ready".

Charlotte had looked blankly at him, uncomprehending. "S-sorry – I don't understand. Ready?"

He'd looked her up and down again, still amused, then pointed to a place just behind her head where two brass hooks were screwed to the wall.

"Know what those 'ooks are for?"

"Er – no".

"That one, there – that's skirts. An' that one – that's for knickers. See?"

"Um –" She'd started at him, bewildered but with an awful feeling that he might not be joking.

"Course, if you don't want to take my word for it –"

Confused, Charlotte had hovered on the brink of calling his bluff, only he hadn't looked as if he was bluffing. He'd taken a look at his watch and pointed at the hooks again, amusedly mocking her disbelief.

"Skirts – knickers. Got it?"

"Um – er –"

"You can suit yourself of course".

She'd unzipped her skirt, uncertainly, hesitantly, knowing that she would be too embarrassed now not to take the caretaker's advice since he'd offered it, seemingly in a spirit of helpfulness, yet she'd felt humiliated to be undressing like this with his alert eyes on her every movement. She'd hung her skirt up, while the caretaker stared with his odd matter-of-fact gaze, then hesitated again when it came to her pants.

"Now your knickers". He had prompted her with gently mocking in his voice, and she had slipped the little cotton knickers down and stepped out of them, her fingers unresisting as he'd taken them from her and put them on the hook to save her the trouble. Her blouse came not much below her waist, leaving her belly and bottom bare – and that other little bit, of course.

"Better stand at attention".

She'd straightened up, hands stiffly by her sides, breasts pushing forward, bottom feeling big and helplessly naked behind, afraid she'd been de-

ceived by the caretaker for the sake of his amusement yet fearful that probably she hadn't been after all.

He had patted her bum a couple of times, taking no trouble to disguise the faint trace of amusement in his voice as he'd said quietly "The Old Man'll like you, sweetheart. Just you see if 'e don't". And then he'd simply wandered away along the passage as if he'd forgotten all about her.

Trembling now with both anxiety for what the C.O. might mean to do with her, and the embarrassment of being half-naked when he opened the door – it might still be some kind of new arrival's initiation joke, for all she knew – Charlotte had started nervously when the library door had opened a moment later, the C.O. checking her up and down instantly, just as if she'd been on parade back at the Training Centre, and then beckoning her into the dimly-lit room without the slightest comment on the oddity of her appearance. Following the C.O.'s back through the doorway, out of the corner of her eye she had glimpsed the returning figure of the caretaker coming along the passage, Brasso bottle and polishing cloth already in his hand.

"Stand at ease, Barnes".

"Sir", she had moved automatically on the instant, and only as the backs of her hands had come together behind her, brushing across the smooth skin of her bare bottom, had the lasciviousness of girl being made to "stand at ease" when she didn't have any knickers dawned on her. She had blushed a hot crimson and been unable to meet the C.O.'s gaze as he'd turned to face her.

Shifting uneasily, her face still flushing afresh each time she managed to make herself look up into the Commanding Officers face, Charlotte had tried to pay attention to the arrangements that had been made for her driving course – she was to leave tomorrow and would be back in five days, after an especially intensive period of instruction during which she would have to work "very hard" so as to reach the required standard in time. The C.O. himself would finalise the details of her transport right then and there.

Seating himself at a desk he had picked up a 'phone and dialled a number and then whilst waiting for the receptionist to connect him at the other end, he had gestured with a finger and then with a hand for Charlotte to come round and stand beside him "in case they wanted any details from her".. Awkwardly she had skirted the desk and stood at a respectful distance, only to be ushered closer by the impatient hand. Trembling with embarrassment

she had waited while the connection was made, her bottom kept as far out of reach as she could manage without it being too obvious and her hands together in front of her in an unmilitary posture that the C.O. affected not to notice for a minute or so. Absentmindedly he had stretched out a hand and stroked it up and down the side of her leg, then up under the plumpness of her bottom, jiggling the weight of first one cheek then the other while Charlotte shut her eyes tightly and kept very still, too nervous almost to breathe.

"Oh – yes. I'm waiting to speak to Captain Harvey. Hmm? Yes, alright – I'll hold on".

A digit, indeed several, had slipped nonchalantly between Charlotte's thighs about knee height – then travelled casually but insistently upwards. Despite herself, Charlotte's thighs edged closer together as the interlocking fingers slipped higher, until she was pressing them quite determinedly against the intrusion, her reaction quite automatic. She hadn't noticed the C.O.'s glance, nor the lift of amusement about his eyebrows as he'd felt her resistance become more determined.

"Barnes...."

"Sir?" Charlotte had looked down at him, startled by his voice. He had glanced up with a little smile. "Stand at ease, Barnes".

"Ooh –" This time Charlotte's reaction had been less the disciplined obedience of a well-trained cadet than the reluctant compliance of an innocent yielding to force of circumstances. Unsteadily she moved her feet apart and put her hands behind her back and felt the confident slide of a fingertip along the moist runnel at the apex of her thighs. The C.O. had said "Hello?" into the 'phone. "Captain Harvey? About the arrangements for my driver – perhaps I'd better let you speak to her yourself". He had handed the 'phone to Charlotte, who had taken it in a fluster and almost dropped it onto the desk and been given a sharp, stinging slap on the bottom for her clumsiness.

"H-hello? Um – this is Cadet Corporal B-oooh – Barnes, Sir".

Spread-apart legs beginning to tremble again, Charlotte had attempted to manage the complication of communicating the required information whilst keeping her mind off the C.O.'s increasingly successful efforts at distraction between her legs, but had been less successful by the moment.

"Er – well, sir – ooogh – um – I could 'phone you – aaahh – you before I left sir – oooh –"

The week that Charlotte had waited, between her interview for the new posting and the day of her leaving the Training Camp, had been one of tens-

ions and worrying, of doubts and uncertainty, with no moment really free of the nagging fear that she wouldn't be accepted, and the frightening possibility that she might.

The two weeks previous to that had been, if anything, more demanding, the almost daily ritual of presenting her bared bottom for chastisement in the C.O.'s office having been not the least of her troubles, and the past three weeks taken together had afforded little chance of 'relaxation' to the harassed young Corporal – going to bed most nights with a spanked or cane-wealed bottom and exhausted from the day's demands, had left her with little inclination to avail herself of the kind of relaxation therapy by which a healthy girl might reasonably be expected to ease her frustrations. On the other hand, unrealised and indeed more unconsciously than otherwise, the sexual undertones of being constantly in the presence of the Camp's training staff, almost all men, while dressed in the little regulation issue shorts that might have been designed to encourage a girl to show off a bit – and to encourage men to watch her while she did it – were likely to leave a girl emotionally "toned-up" without allowing her any form of release save the solace she might find in the comforting intimacy of her own bed after lights out. With frequent takings-down of her knickers – for punishment admittedly but a girl's psyche wasn't always entirely able to differentiate – and regular 'stimulation' of her bottom in the presence of the C.O. and whichever of his cronies he had invited to enjoy the 'performance', Charlotte, though she was hardly aware of it on a conscious level, was a warm, liquid bubble of sublimated sexuality ready to pop at the slightest suggestion of an opportunity to do so.

Slowly she had become unable to continue the 'phone conversation with the Captain. Her legs had gone to jelly and she had had to lean against the desk for support while the receiver had slipped from her grasp. Constrained by the demands of military discipline to remain at least upright and in some semblance of an "at ease" posture, yet coaxed against her conscious will to within a shiver of disgracing herself on the tips of the C.O.'s fingers, Charlotte had whimpered, panted, gasped and finally wept at her helpless response to the insistence of the C.O.'s practised titillation and had given way at last to the inevitable.

Getting her bum smacked after that had hardly seemed fair, but smacked it had been. He had allowed her a minute or two to recover herself a little, while he had dealt with Captain Harvey who had been still on the other end of the

'phone, and then she had been ordered to the far side of the library and told to wait. Then, having poured himself a drink to top up the several he had already had, the C.O. had taken the wobbly-legged girl across one knee and pushed her blouse up her back, clamping her legs between his own so that her bottom was presented neatly across his left thigh. He had spanked her with slow deliberation, each cheek alternately, the spansks solidly applied to what rapidly became a jerking, twisting, target which frantic hands attempted to defend in the fleeting moments when they were able to pull free of the C.O.'s grip.

Here, in this big old house, there were no such things as regulations appertaining to corporal punishment – a girl could be spanked until she could barely catch her breath for yelling and then still be spanked some more. Charlotte had given way to tears almost at once; at first as a result of the relief from tension that the C.O.'s experienced fingers had allowed her, but then, with the pain in her wriggling bottom increasing with every spank, she had cried in earnest until she was incoherent in her protestations and was struggling so much as to make the palm – tingling satisfaction of continuing to slap her crimson – blotched bottom hardly commensurate with the effort it took to hold her down for it to be done. Charlotte was allowed at last to slip from between her Commanding Officer's restraining knees.

Now, her eyelids are reddened and her cheeks wet with her crying. Her lips are moist with salt tears and the inside of her mouth liquid-warm. Her hair is silky to the touch, her nose wants to run and she sniffles pathetically, trying not to pull away and not allowed to anyway, the C.O. saying coaxing words to the top of her tousled head whilst she splutters tearfully for minutes on end in her confused humiliation.

The library clock chimes the half-hour. Charlotte has tugged her tie straight and dabbed surreptitiously here and there at her crisp blouse. Her tongue peeps briefly between her lips and she makes a discreet little spitting sound, not letting the C.O. see her do it, her expression one of child-like distaste. At last, Charlotte is dismissed.

Outside her knickers are proffered to her by a work-grimed hand, and too overwhelmed by the events of the last hour she makes no objection to being assisted into them by the solicitous but over-tactile caretaker. Her tears drying on her face, Charlotte scampers along the passageway clutching her skirt. The caretaker clucks his tongue and slips his Brasso back into his overall. "Poor little bugger", he mutters "Poor little bugger".

INTO THE FIRE

Charles gives his guests a warm welcome

Each time the strap landed across Jenny's bum the sound of its landing persisted for a little, like the continuing resonance of a bell; a sort of sharp, ringing whisper in the bare room, coming back off the painted walls and tiled floor; and every time Jenny's cries cut across the echo so that you couldn't be sure how long the ringing might have gone on before it faded below the level at which it was still audible.

With every stroke Jenny's legs jerked out straight behind her, her toes pushing convulsively against the floor and making the legs of the punishment bench scrape nerve-searchingly across the shiny tiles; the violence of her jolting sent a tremor along the six foot plank which supported both Jenny at one end and a second girl at the other. Wendy felt the tremors as they communicated themselves to her own bare belly, uncomfortably bearing much of her weight against the cold wood.

If Wendy looked sideways to her right, she could see Jenny's bare legs, her knickers a forlorn little gather of cotton at her knees, the side-shape of her bottom thrust up for the convenience of the strap. She could see the twin tails of the leather tawse as they flicked faster than the eye could really catch, around the other girl's flanks, making the buttocks twitch and squeeze and go on trembling for perhaps five or even ten seconds afterwards as the girl tried to fight against the smart in her much-abused bottom. Where the strap landed on unmarked skin – there wasn't too much of that by now – the tails were whisked away a moment after they had imparted their sting, leaving marks which, oddly, looked pale for a few seconds, as if dusted with talcum powder, before the red flush welled up and recorded the strap's visit as a crimson stripe, forked at the end, spread across the plumpness of the wretched girl's buttocks.

If Wendy looked down and back, past her hands gripping the long rail, white-knuckled, frantic for something to cling to amid the awful emotional turmoil of the punishments being meted out to each girl, then in an upside-down sort of a way

she could see the brown brogue shoes as they clicked along the length of the bench and stopped behind her, a little to her left. She could see the man's weight shift from one foot to the other as he drew back his arm, could see the descending movement of the strap as a wickedly fast blur reflected in the polished floor.

Nothing was seen too clearly any longer though. Both girls were weeping pathetically, their tears blurring their vision, everything seen and heard and felt becoming a confusion of sensations that seemed to have been going on for a quarter of an hour at least, although it may have been no more than five minutes.

Wendy's bottom was as thoroughly strap-marked as was the other girl's, a punished twitchiness of punished disobedience, lively when the strap landed and then petulantly

quiescent, just a squeeze of the cheeks every now and then to demonstrate the perpetuating effect of that strap's sting.

At length – and to the girls it seemed great length – the last stroke was applied to each pair of buttocks, the strap was hooked back in its place at the end of the bench, and the petty officer who had had such amusement at their expense left the hollow-sounding room and closed the door behind him.

Jenny was still crying, Wendy too, although she had quietened a little, her sobs just about under control now. She looked through tear-streaked eyes along the bench, seeing Jenny's bum painfully reddened in swathes which reached round her buttocks and even round the upper part of her thigh where the petty officer's aim had either gone awry or he had deliberately sought out a fresh target for the strap's tails. Her own bottom must look just the same; she could feel the heat still there, her bum seeming twice its size, so much did the sensations down in that part of her dominate her consciousness.

On the shiny tiles Wendy could





see droplets of tears – her own tears – marring the pristine reflectiveness of the floor. She focussed her attention on the bright drops until they began to mesmerise her; only the vibration of the plank under her tummy as Jenny slumped heavily against it disturbed her dismal reverie. Jenny's voice, sounding timid and exhausted, brought her back to proper awareness.

'Oh Christ! I hate this bloody awful place. I loathe that strap!'

Wendy could see her friend's bottom trembling fitfully, her thighs doing the same, and the tautness in her calf muscles as she shifted her weight against the bench again. She couldn't think of anything to add to what Jenny had said so plainly. She eased herself a little more comfortably across the plank, although comfortably was only a relative term, hearing the snap-hook fixed to the plank beside her clink as she took up all the slack. She looked down at the floor again, resigned to

the indignity of having to wait until someone came to let them up, hardly caring that whoever it was would find her half-naked, a picture of abject humiliation.

Over in a corner she caught sight of a pair of knickers, their whiteness grey-streaked as though someone had kicked them thoughtlessly aside. They weren't her's – she looked back at her knees to be sure. Her pants were around her ankles, though she didn't remember feeling them slide down her legs. So – those were someone else's pants; Wendy didn't have to wonder what they were doing there, nor what had happened to the girl to have made her forget them. Staring miserably at those abandoned knickers, with her bum still quivering fitfully and tingling with the feel of the strap-marks, she knew what she would have to do.

'Jenny?' She felt her friend's movement along the plank.

'Yes?' Jenny had stopped sob-



bing but her voice was a hoarse whisper.

'I'm goin' to get out of here, Jen. I am goin' to do it!'

'How?' Jenny sounded dubious – it wasn't that easy to get out of the Youth Service.

'Remember that psychiatrist bloke – wanted volunteers for some research project or something – ?'

'He was just a dirty old man.'

'Yes – that's the one. Well, I'm goin' to see if the offer's still open. And I don't care what I have to do, but I *am* getting out of *here*!' Wendy's voice rose to a shrill shout on the last word – an expression of the desperation that was urging her to do just what she said – get away!

Something like a quarter of a mile away, on the other side of the Training Camp, another one of the Youth Service's unwilling recruits had come to a conclusion not dissimilar to the solution which had occurred to the unfortunate Wendy. Tucking her still-sore bum into her knickers – her spanking had been at the hands of one of the establishment's female civilian helpers, but had been no less painful for that – Tracey swore under her breath and eased the



elastic to a less tender position around the curve of her left buttock. She rummaged in the drawer of the one item of furniture any girl could call her own in that place, the little cupboard which stood beside her dormitory bed, and slid the tightly rolled bundle from the drawer up under her tee shirt. She checked herself in the mirror fixed to the inside of the wardrobe she shared with the girl in the next bed, rubbing furiously at her cheeks to give them a healthy glow and loosening a strand of hair so that it fell forward just a bit across her forehead, to give her a touch more femininity. She looked up at the clock on the end wall of the room, making sure she had enough time to get across the camp to the administration centre on the other side. This was the only chance she was likely to get, and everything would depend on this interview; she was going to make the very most of it.

Ten minutes later she arrived breathless at the door of the low hut where the interviews were to be held. There were two other girls there, neither of whom she knew. A notice pinned to a board said that interviewees were to wait there until sent for. Tracey waited, watching for her chance.

Twenty minutes went by, and one of the girls in front of her was called into a room at the end of a long corridor. Tracey and the other girl shuffled their feet around and squeaked their gym-shoes against the polished floorboards, and in due course the other girl was sent for, leaving Tracey on her own. Then a latecomer arrived, looking flustered but determined. Tracey couldn't help noticing that where the girl's shorts didn't quite cover her bum there was an awful lot of tender-looking redness around her bum-cheeks; she looked as though she had just had an awfully severe strapping – surely it couldn't have been a spanking to have made her bum look like that! The new arrival leaned against the wall when she realised that her strap-marks were being eyed by the other girl – evidence of punishment was no uncommon sight around the training camp, but that didn't make it any more endurable being stared at. Then, timing it so that she should be able to get back just before it was her turn to be called, Tracey slipped away to the lavatories.

Locked in a cubicle, she slipped her shorts off and hid them on top of the cistern, then she took a deep



breath and stepped into the second pair which she had secreted up under her shirt. A deep breath was what it needed to get herself into them; her spanked bum was none the better for the struggle to get the waistband up over her hips – she thought for a moment that she'd taken them in and trimmed them a bit too much, but somehow she made it. Then she slipped back to the waiting point, relieved to see that she hadn't missed her turn. A minute later and a girl came down the passage and called Tracey's name.

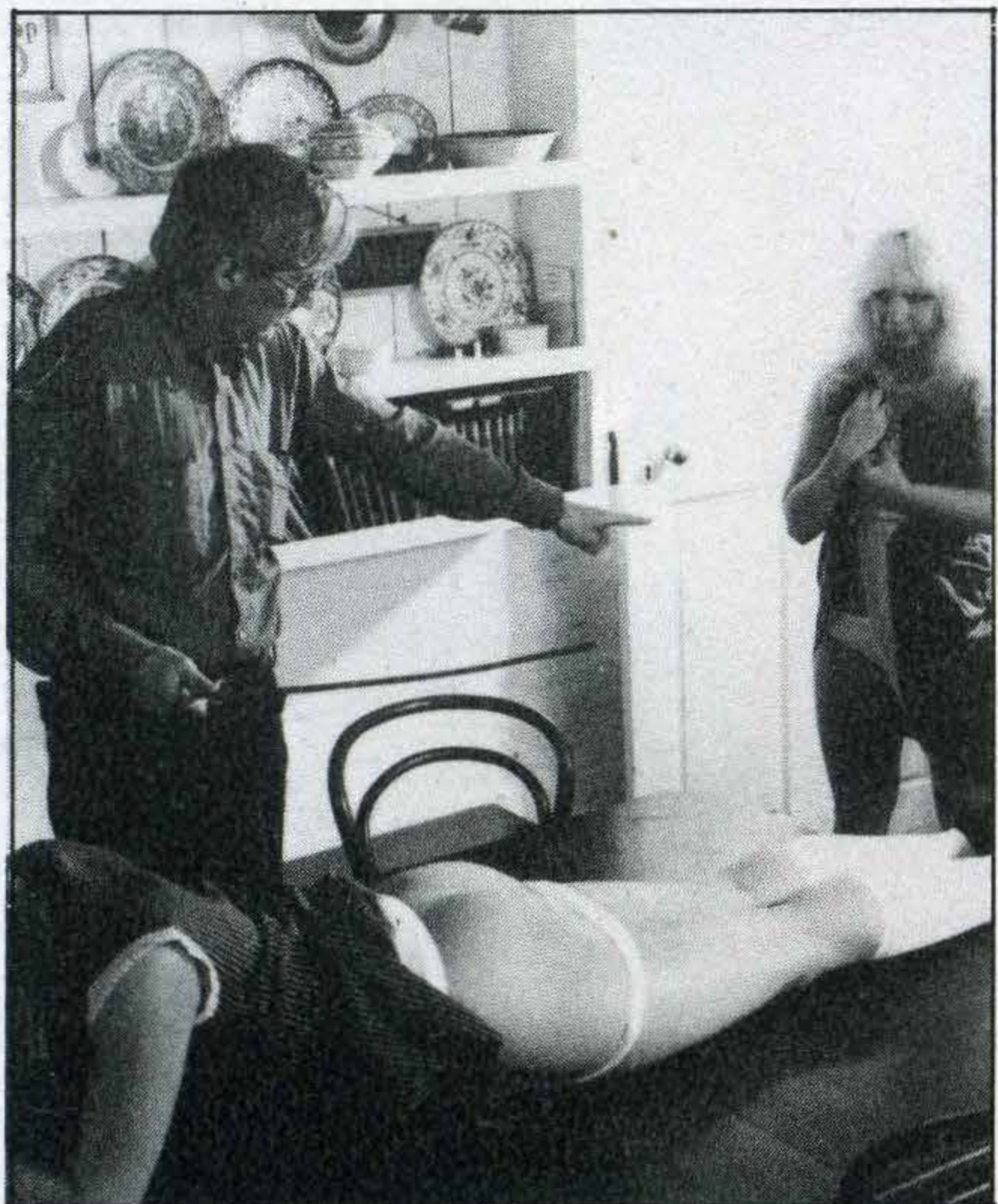
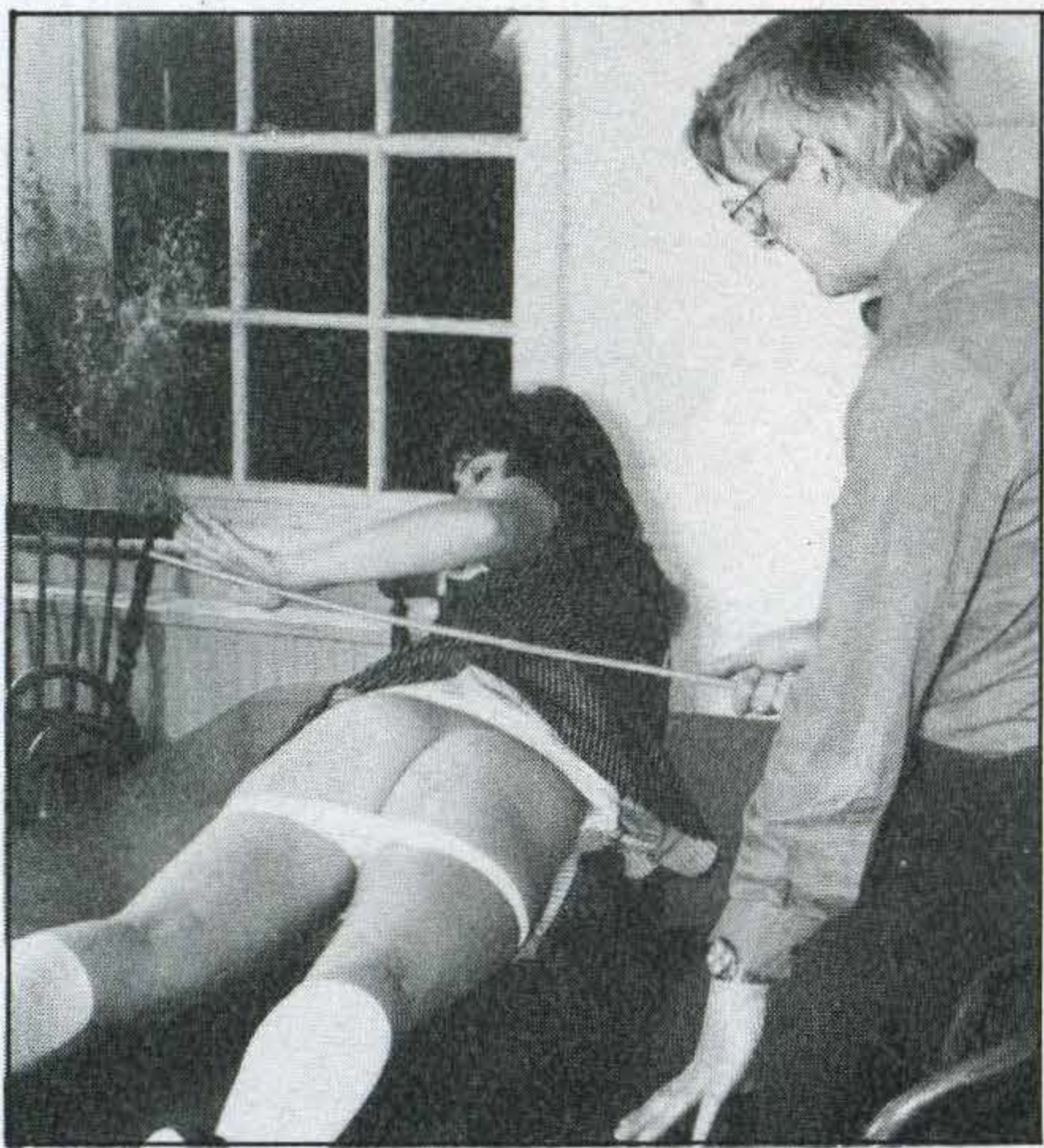
Self-consciously Tracey followed the messenger, trying to keep her bum from wiggling too much in case her hurried stitching proved too insubstantial for the task of holding her customised shorts together, then she found herself in an office with the door closed behind her and a grey-haired man ignoring her from the far side of a tatty desk littered with papers.

With her heart pounding, Tracey waited – and waited. Surreptitiously she pulled at the legs of her shorts, feeling uncertain that she had done the right thing after all – the man looked altogether too much like one of those people who like to smack girls' bums from the way he glanced up at her legs from under his eyebrows every few moments with a steely glint in his eyes. She had thought he might be susceptible to the offer of a little femininity, nicely packaged – she had thought she might be able to tease her way into wangling a posting away from the training camp; as it was, it was looking as though that dream would have to be forgotten. Then the grey-haired man put down his pen and looked her in the face for the first time.

The interview might have gone better, but it might have gone worse. He asked Tracey lots of questions – worryingly they all seemed to have to do with punishments she'd been given, how she'd taken them, what she thought of being punished and so on. She'd thought he was supposed to be a psychologist – if he was, this was all taking a turn for the worse, but she answered as bravely as she could and wished she'd never had the idea of tarding herself up to look like a girl who 'might'. Whether it was the final view she had to give him of her scantily clothed bum as she turned to leave at the end of the interview, or whether it was just plain bad luck, she didn't know, but as she reached the door his voice called her back.

'Um – I've decided to put you on the short list, by the way.' Tracey hadn't known what to say, so she'd said thankyou – a rather optimistic sentiment to have expressed, as things turned out, because what Tracey had neglected to find out in her eagerness to get away from the training camp was what, exactly, the grey-haired man was doing psychological research *into*

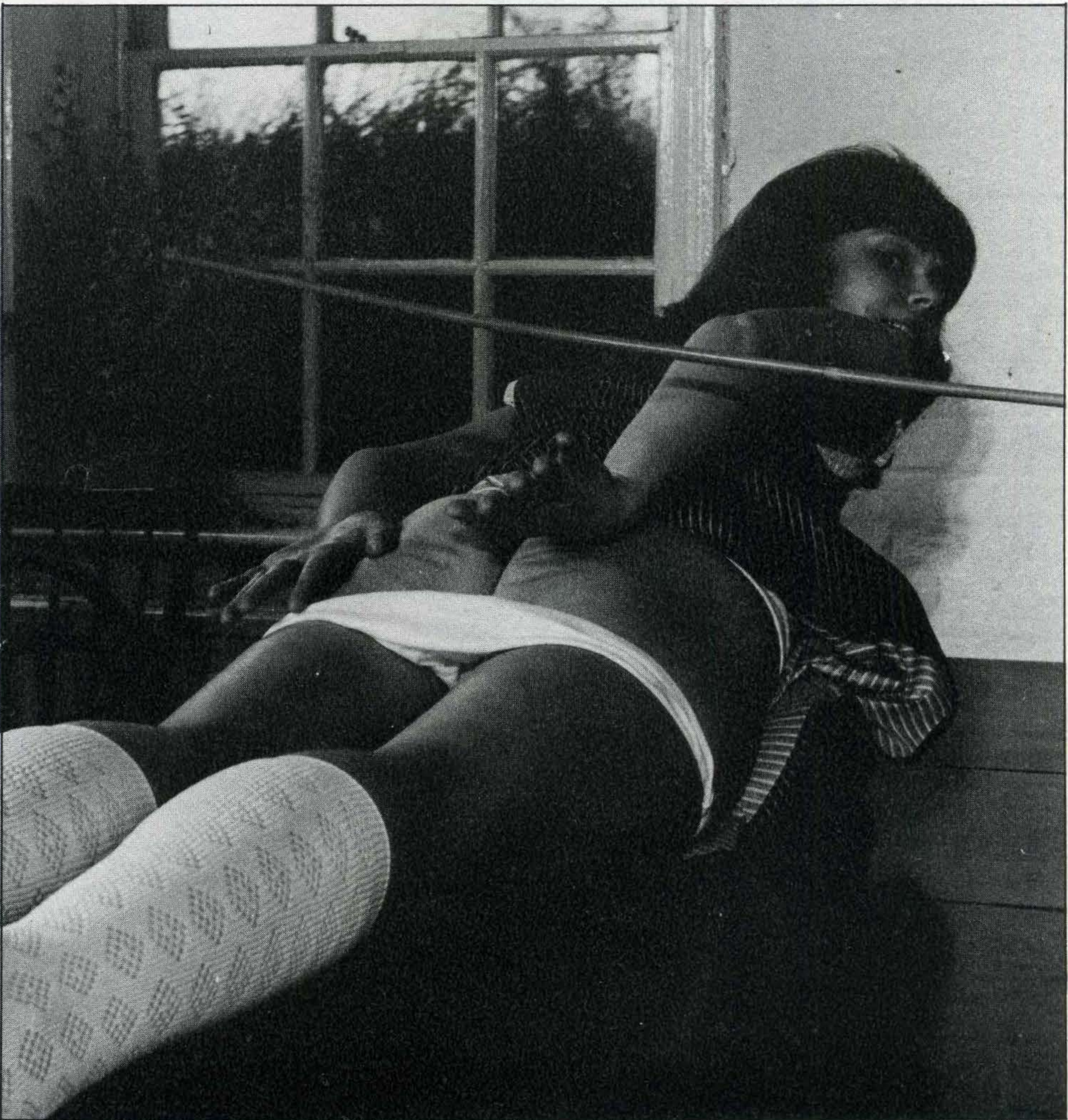
As Tracey's impudently half-clothed bottom bobbed temptingly out of the office, the psychologist noted the relevant details beside her name. One more girl to see, but young Tracey looked like the front runner; she was a girl he would very much like to have all to himself down in the country. He could imagine the



way she and that inviting bottom of hers would make the evenings very pleasant indeed. The messenger came back with the last applicant.

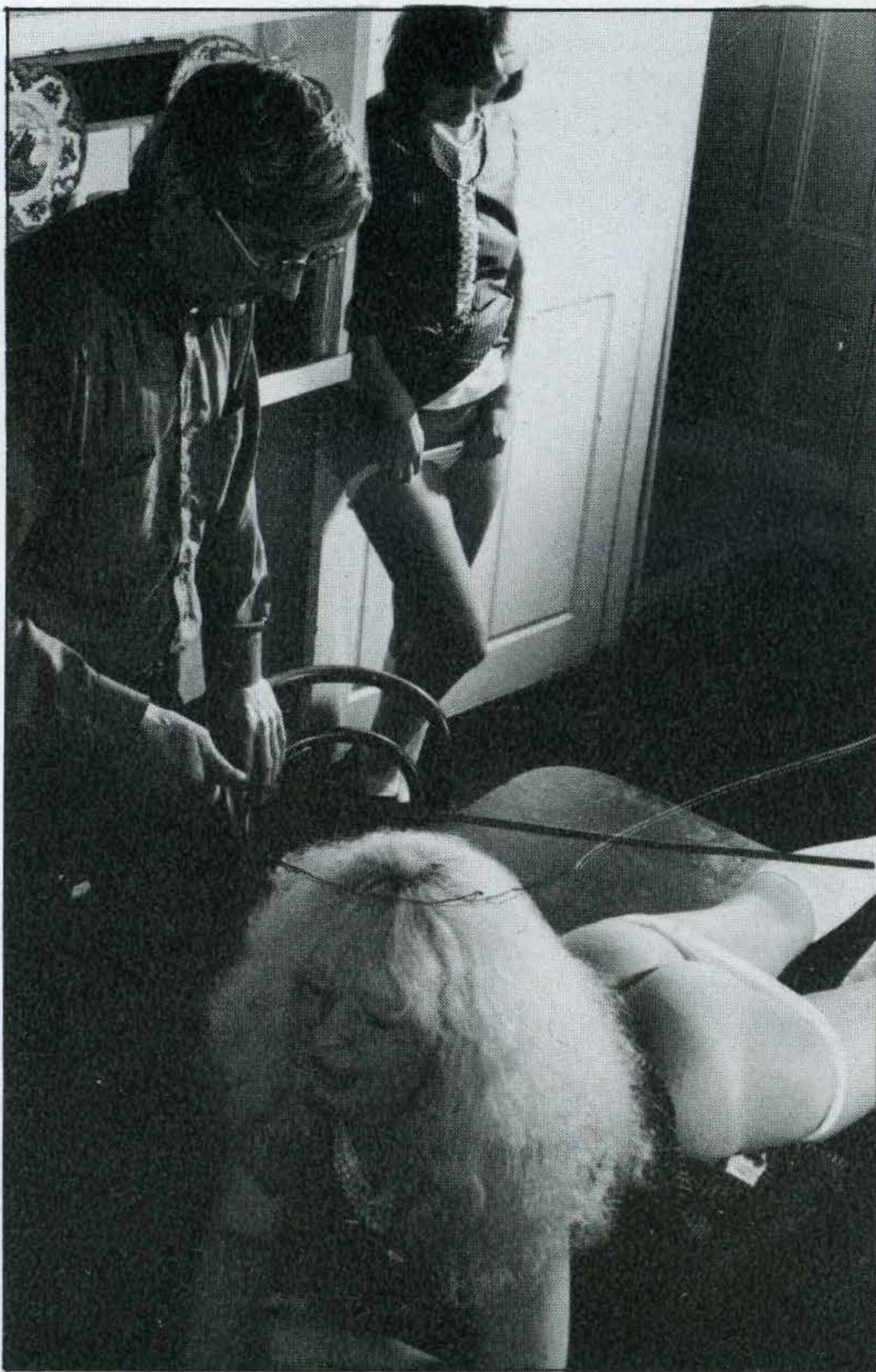
'Wendy? Are you Wendy White?'

'Yes sir.' She stood smartly at attention, her eyes alert and her face alive with healthy vitality. She seemed an intelligent girl – he liked intelligent girls. He stood up from behind the desk and paced around the room as he chatted, explaining rather sketchily that he had been asked to conduct a research project into the psychological effects of corporal punishment – the ministry was

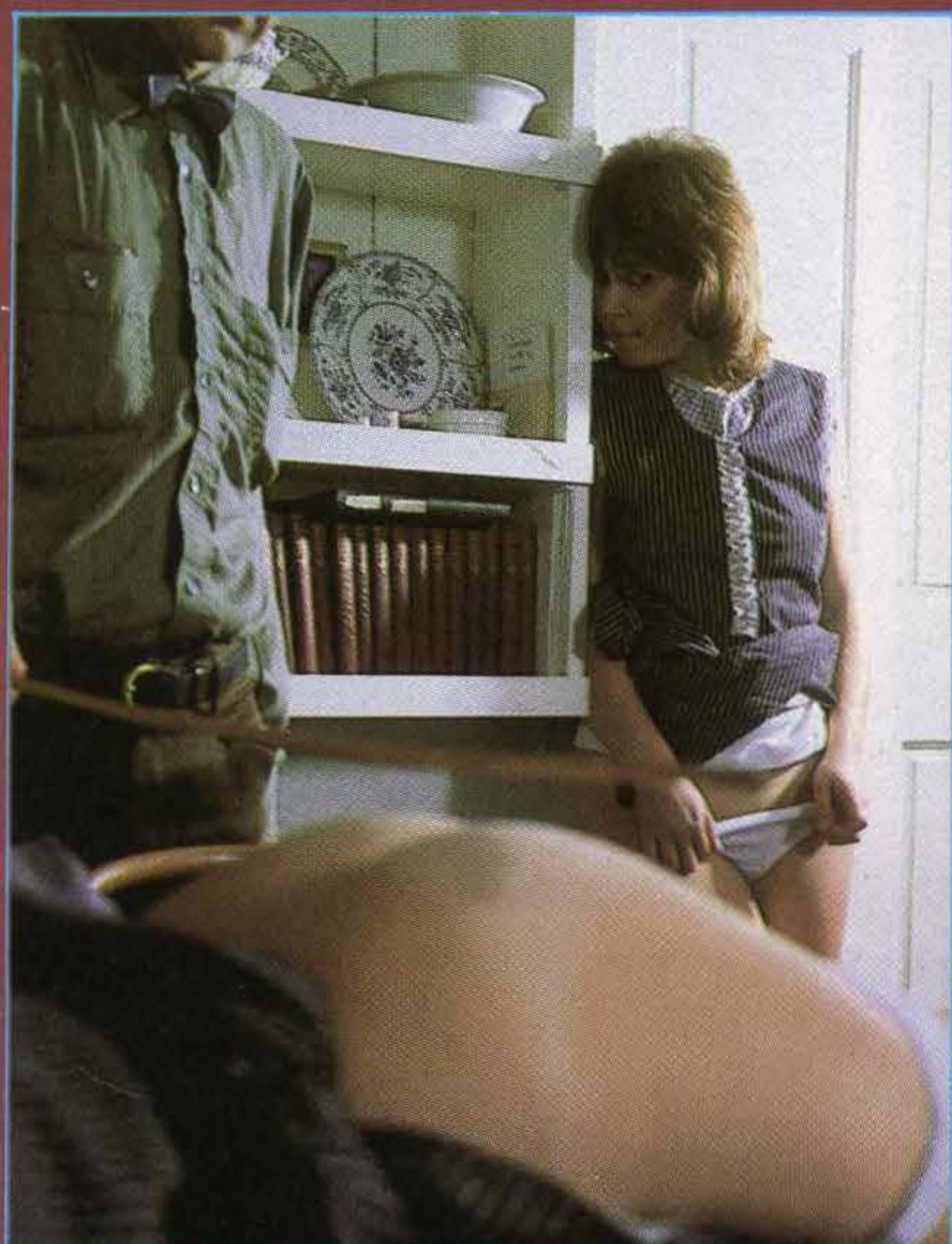


behind it, he said, to lend himself an air of authority. The girls chosen would be put in his charge and would come with him to his house in the country. There would be lots and lots of questions asked, forms and questionnaires to be filled in – his lecture stopped as, for the first time, he glimpsed the strapped crimson spilling out from under Wendy's shorts. When he resumed his voice was slightly less assured, as though he had thought of something disturbing. There would, he said – and he said it with an apologetic tone – be the occasional practical application of certain of his theories, but on that subject he didn't elaborate. Did Wendy think that might be the sort of thing she would be willing to co-operate in?

Wendy, who had stopped really listening when he had walked behind her, more concerned about the embarrassment of the strap-marks on her bum than anything else, said that she thought so, sir, and another note was entered in the little book.



Two weeks later, spreadeagled bottom-up across a big table in the kitchen of a rambling old house in the country, Wendy panted and gasped in between strokes from an expertly applied cane, and still wasn't altogether sure where she had gone wrong. Watching nervously and waiting for her turn to come across the table, Tracey too couldn't exactly put her finger on it, but there really wasn't any doubt that something had gone very much awry with her plans too!



NAVY BLUE

Do not boil, hand wash, girls aged 16 to 18

There's something about a pair of navy knickers that makes a girl's bottom just that bit more spankable; the feel of the material itself has the same attributes of femininity as the girl inside them – warm to the touch, soft and strokeable – and they do something to the girl too. With navy knickers on, and a smacked bottom in the offing, a girl's grown-up image of herself is pretty difficult to maintain. No wonder that tears seem to flow more easily on occasions like this.



Feeling less than grown up – the navy knickers and the schoolgirl vest don't help – Wendy's protests as she is hauled across the uncomfortable knees are no more than half-hearted.







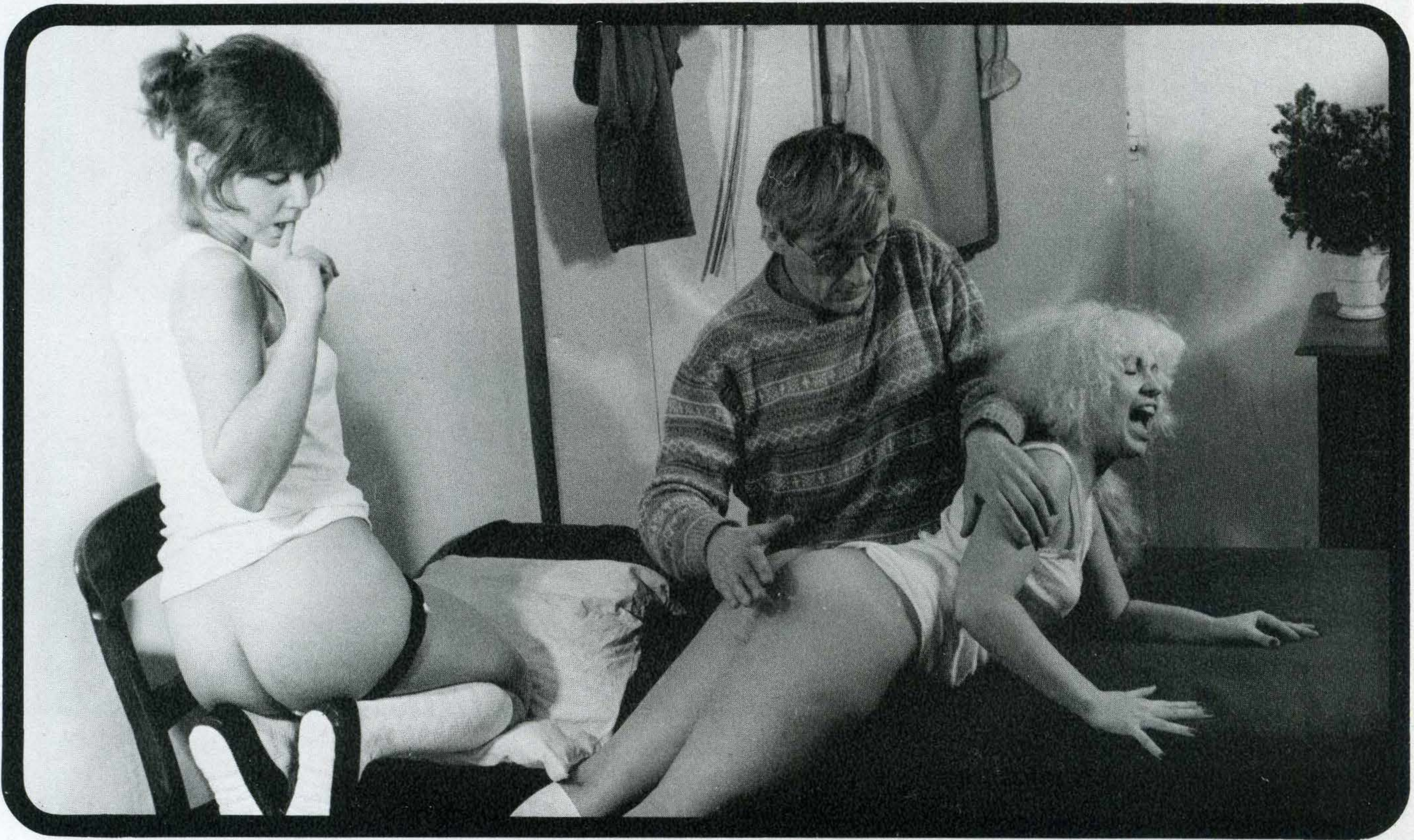
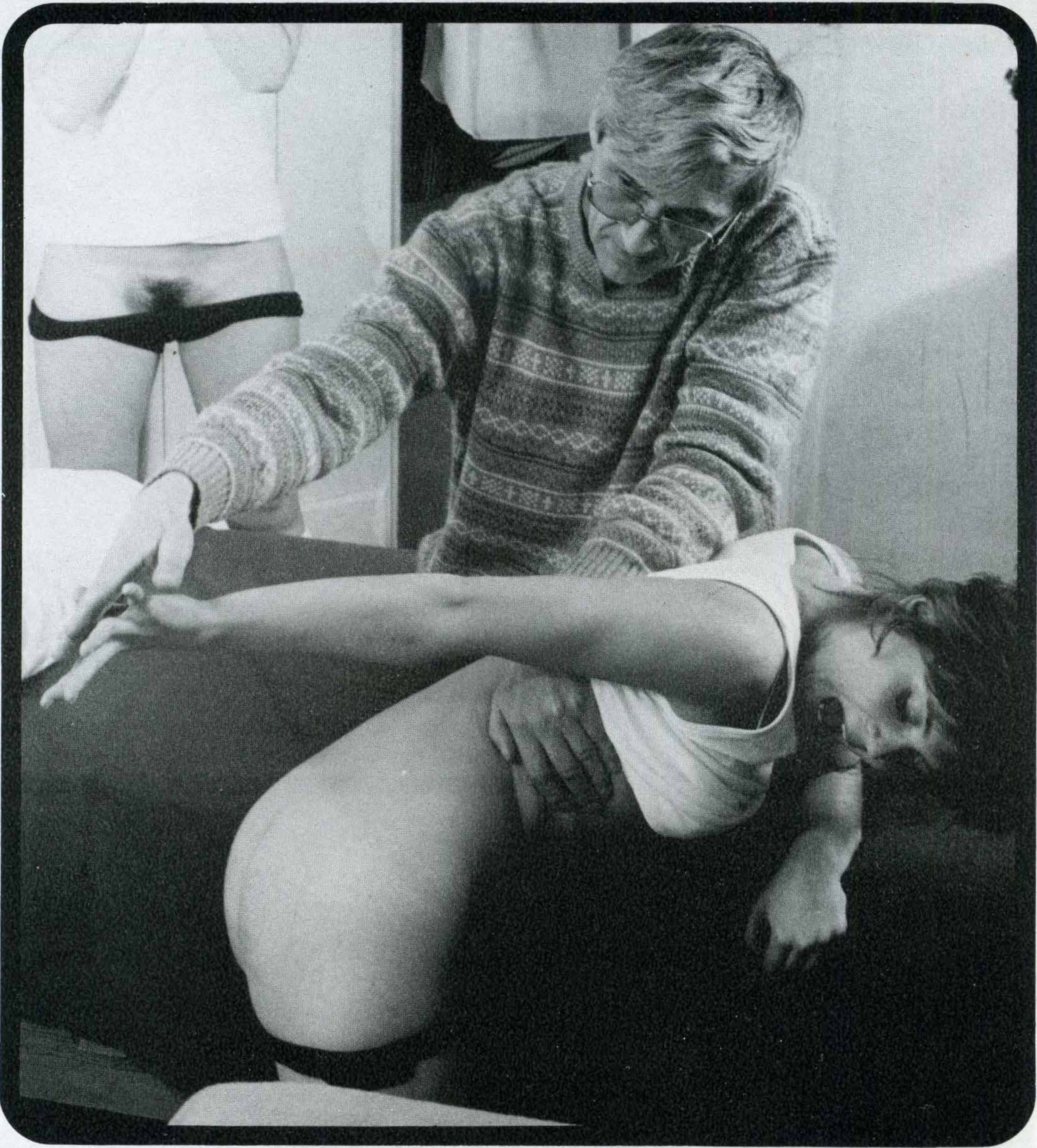
With her knickers taken down and Charles' strong hands in the middle of her back, there really isn't much that Wendy can do but wriggle.

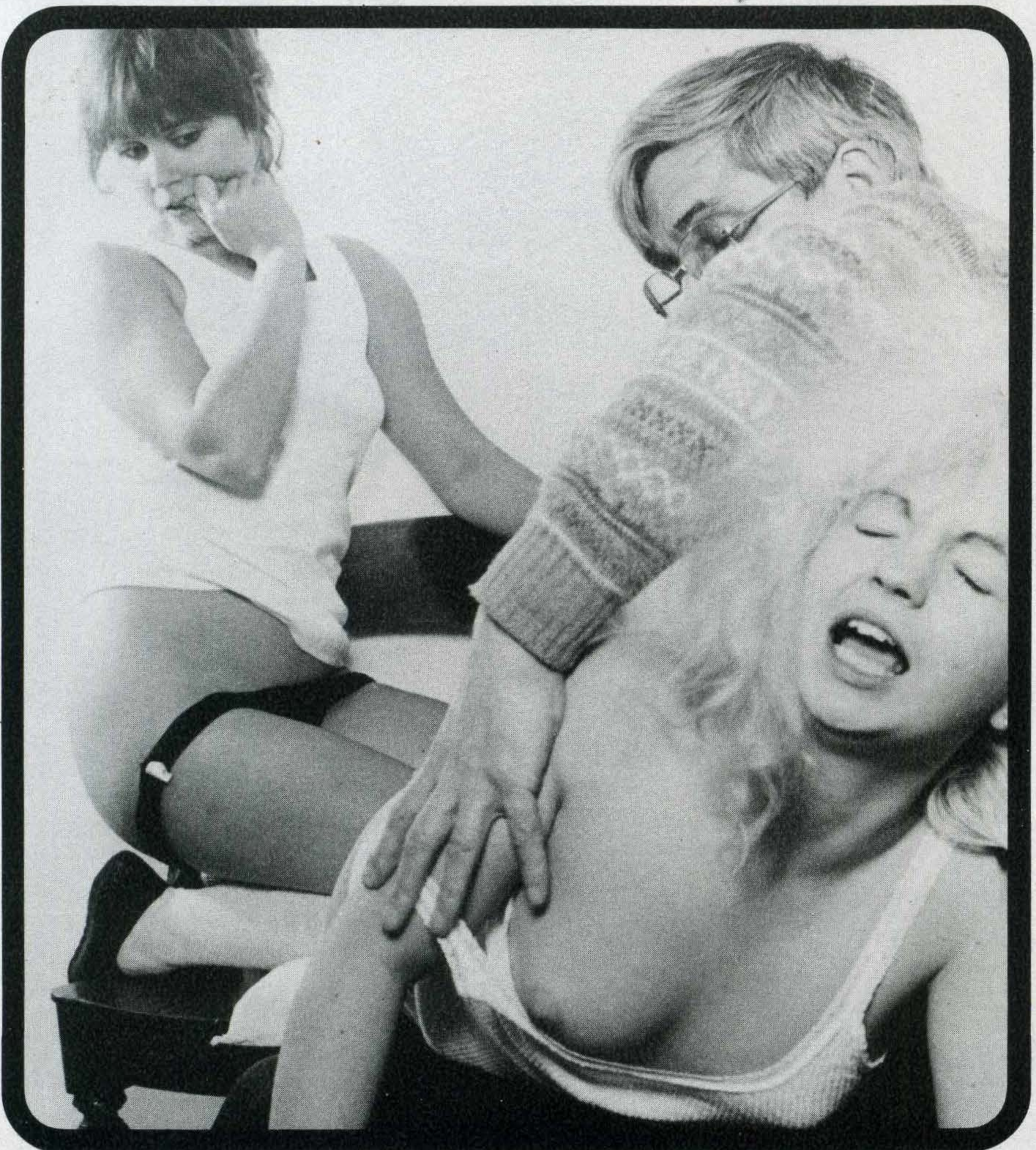




Wendy struggles with both Charles and herself; she knows that the only way to get through this is to be a good girl and hope she won't get spanked any more than she really has to.







The trouble is, the sting in her bum isn't very conducive to passive acceptance of the inevitable. Wendy can't help it – she starts to put up a fight and gets her bum spanked a lot more for her trouble.

Tracey can't manage it any better. Watching Wendy catch it has gingered her up to the point where she simply can't help herself.

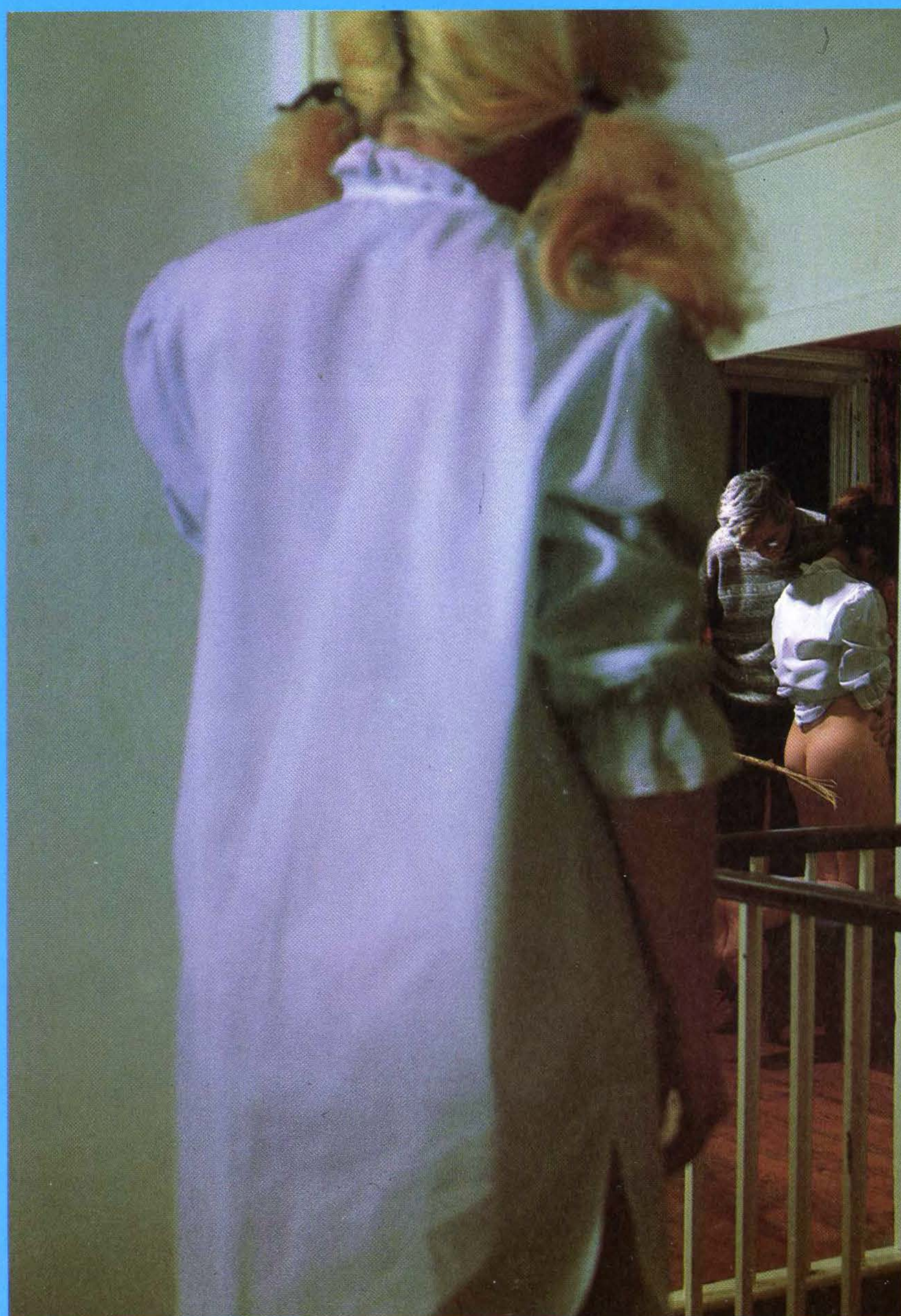
Charles wrestles with her, and finally loses his temper. She'll have to see him down in the study after supper – meanwhile she gets as much of what's coming to her as he can give her – while his breath holds out.





THE ROOM AT THE TOP OF THE STAIRS

An experiment is conducted



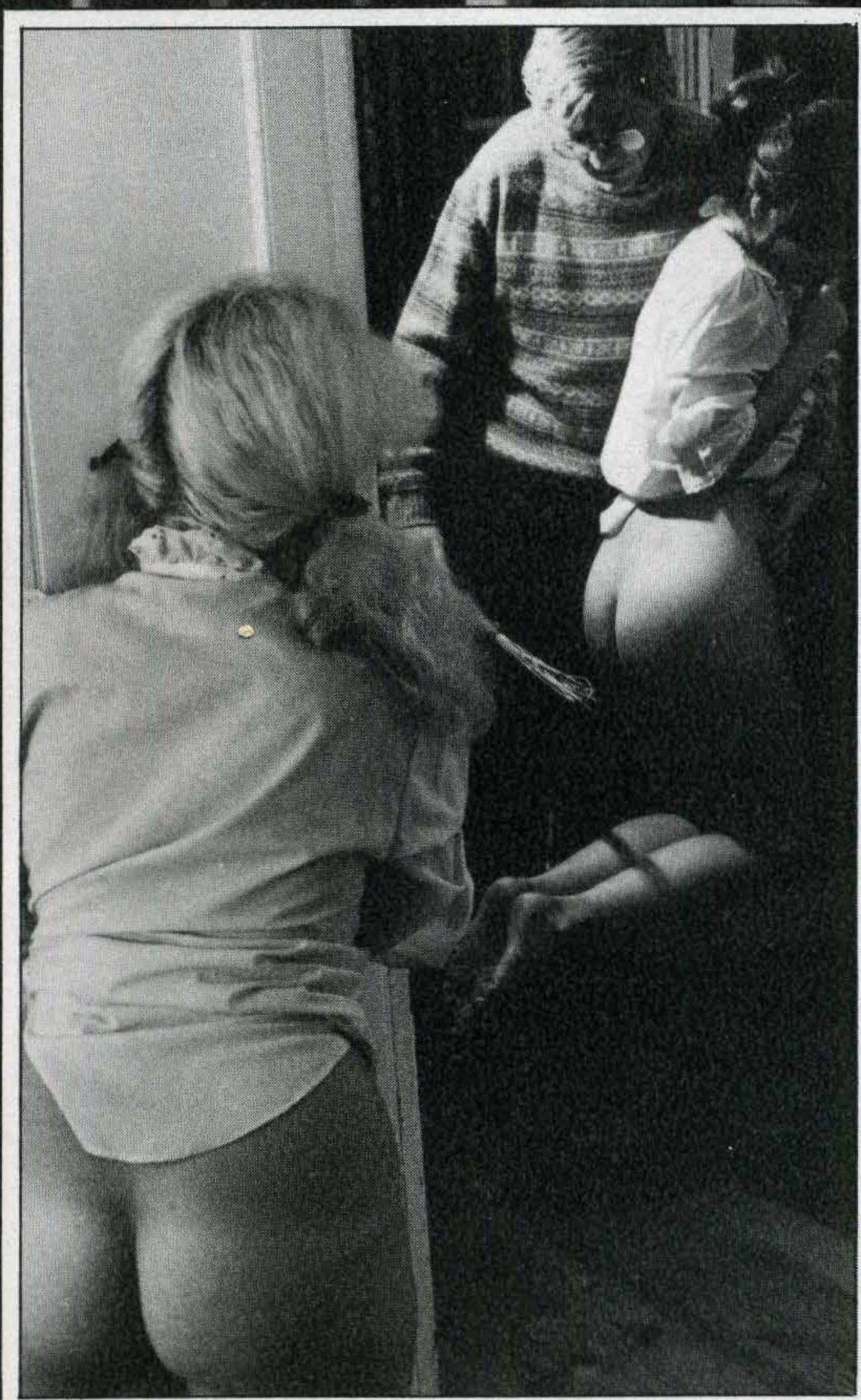
A peep through the crack of the door told them nothing. Charles had been up in the junk room for about ten minutes, shifting things about, and now there were boxes and cartons scattered around in disorder, and still he was rummaging through cupboards and drawers. Whatever he was looking for, he hadn't found it yet – whether that was good news or bad, the girls couldn't be sure, because there was always the cane downstairs. Which might be used on their bums instead.

A sudden grunt of satisfaction, followed by a mysterious swishing sound, must mean he'd uncovered the object of his search. The two girls retreated on tip-toe across the landing, a floor board creaked, and in two swift strides Charles was in the junk room's doorway looking at them with wicked humour evident in his bright eyes.

'Aha!' he said theatrically – he was very much given to dramatic gestures and exclamations. 'Come into my parlour, Miss Nosy Parker!' He crooked a finger, at Wendy, who went very pink, and followed the beckoning digit into the junk room while Tracey withdrew nervously to the door of their bedroom.

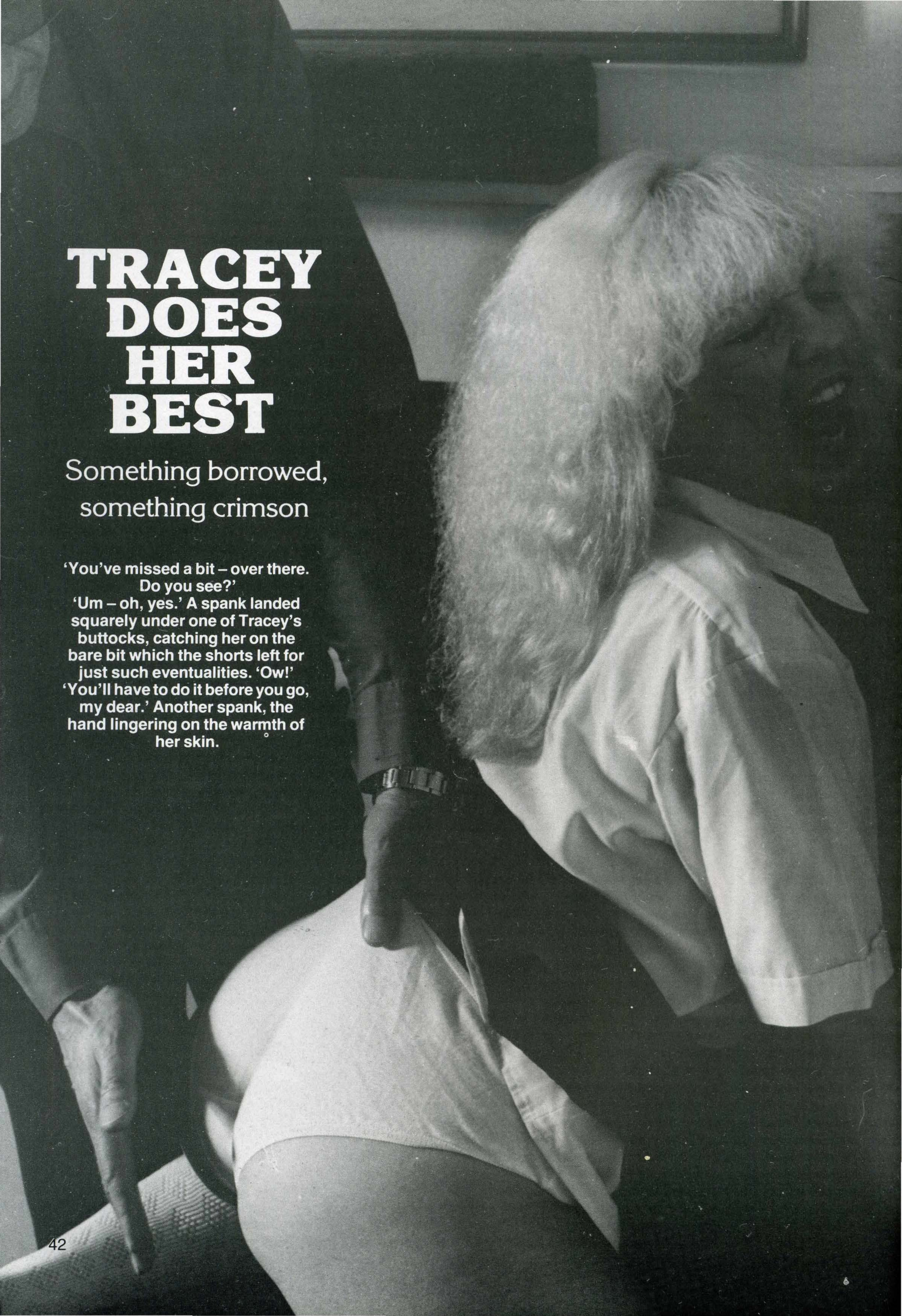


Wendy was made to kneel on a stool and her nightie was hoisted up to her waist. The swishy, stingy-looking instrument of correction swooshed down and round her bared bottom. Her anguished squeal of surprise left no doubt that whatever the thing was that Charles was using on her bottom was every bit as painful as the dreaded cane in the cupboard downstairs.



Wendy's punishment was almost complete – she was wriggling so much that it seemed she was likely to fall off the stool at any moment. Charles looked up at Tracey's pale face peeping at the spectacle from across the landing and brandished the whatever-it-was at her. 'Your turn next!' He said enthusiastically. 'Better get that bottom of yours in here, my girl!'





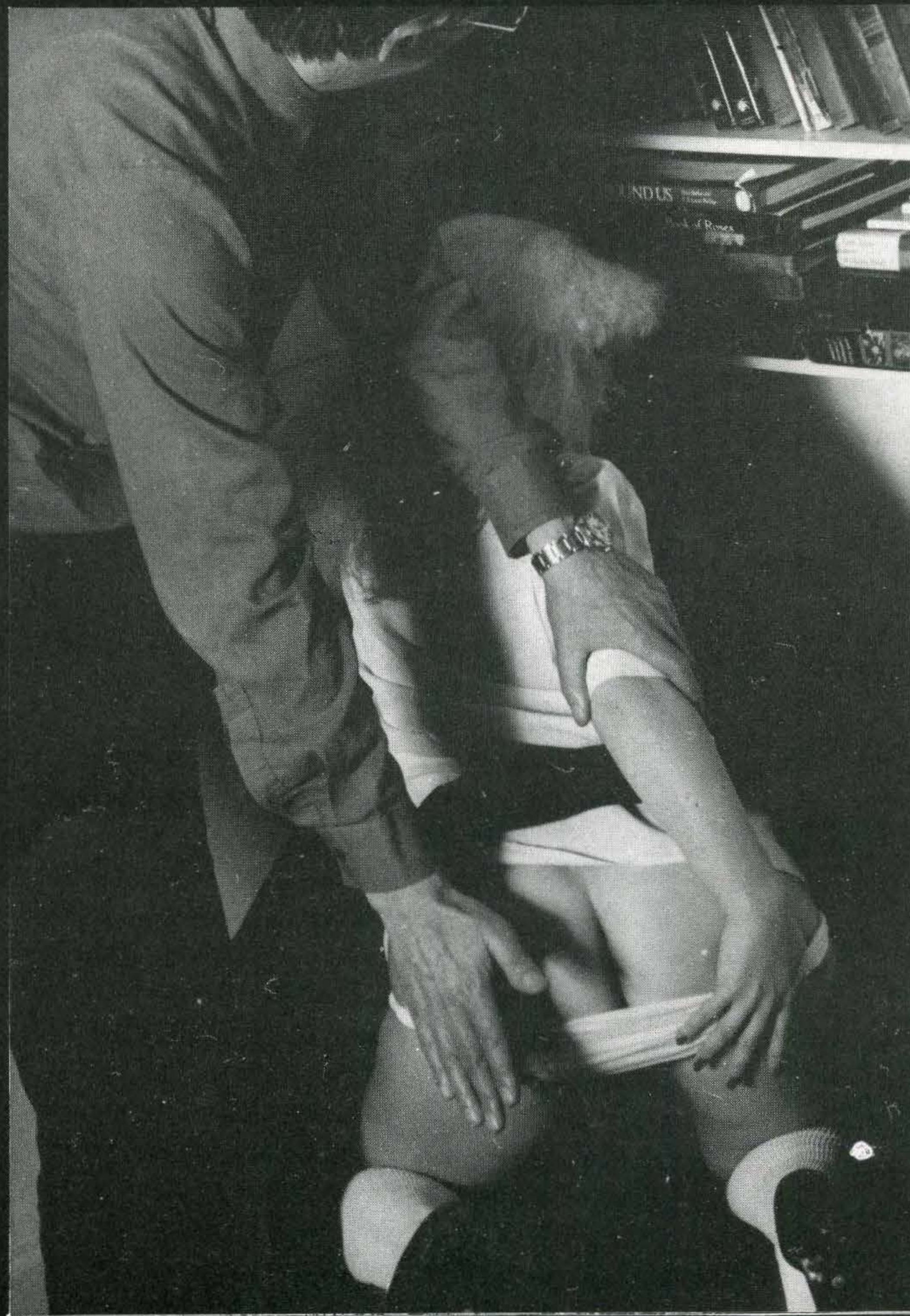
TRACEY DOES HER BEST

Something borrowed,
something crimson

'You've missed a bit – over there.
Do you see?'

'Um – oh, yes.' A spank landed
squarely under one of Tracey's
buttocks, catching her on the
bare bit which the shorts left for
just such eventualities. 'Ow!'
'You'll have to do it before you go,
my dear.' Another spank, the
hand lingering on the warmth of
her skin.

Pouting at the unfairness of all this lark, Tracey shoved the unwieldy old lawn mower across the grass to where a few spindly stems had defied the cranky mower's best efforts. Glancing over her shoulder she realised that the old fool wasn't watching for the moment – about the only time that whole afternoon that he hadn't – and she swooped a hand down and wrenched the stalks from the ground and threw them into the grassbox. Dutifully she clattered the mower back to the paved area behind the house. 'D'you think that's alright now then, sir.' Why she called him sir she wasn't really sure, except that when you were in the Service it always seemed safer to be extra polite to everyone in case they turned out to be one of the thousands of off duty policemen, justices of the peace, part-time civilian administrators etc. etc. who seemed perfectly entitled to smack your bum for an endless variety of petty reasons. Old Walter was one of them, as she knew from half a dozen other working excursions arranged by Charles to amuse his friend, and there wasn't anything she could do about that.



'Not really, my little madam, but I suppose it'll have to do.'
'I'm sorry sir, but I've done my best – all day, sir.' Tracey's blatant hint that it was time she was allowed to go home – well, back to Charles' house, not quite the same as home – wasn't awfully well received.
'Petulant little girl, aren't you, eh?' He looked down at her legs and her grubby shorts – Tracey could feel it coming. 'Right, if that's your attitude Miss, you can go and wait for me in the potting shed.'

Tracey's defiant look vanished – there were some nasty things in that potting shed, and out of sight of his wife, who wouldn't be able to see that far, *she* was likely to feel them across her bum.

'Oh, Mr. Dudley, I've worked so hard – didn't I get *anything* right?' 'What's that got to do with it? You're an impudent little girl who doesn't deserve to go home without a good, smacked bottom. Now – the potting shed, my girl, or it'll be the worse for you!'

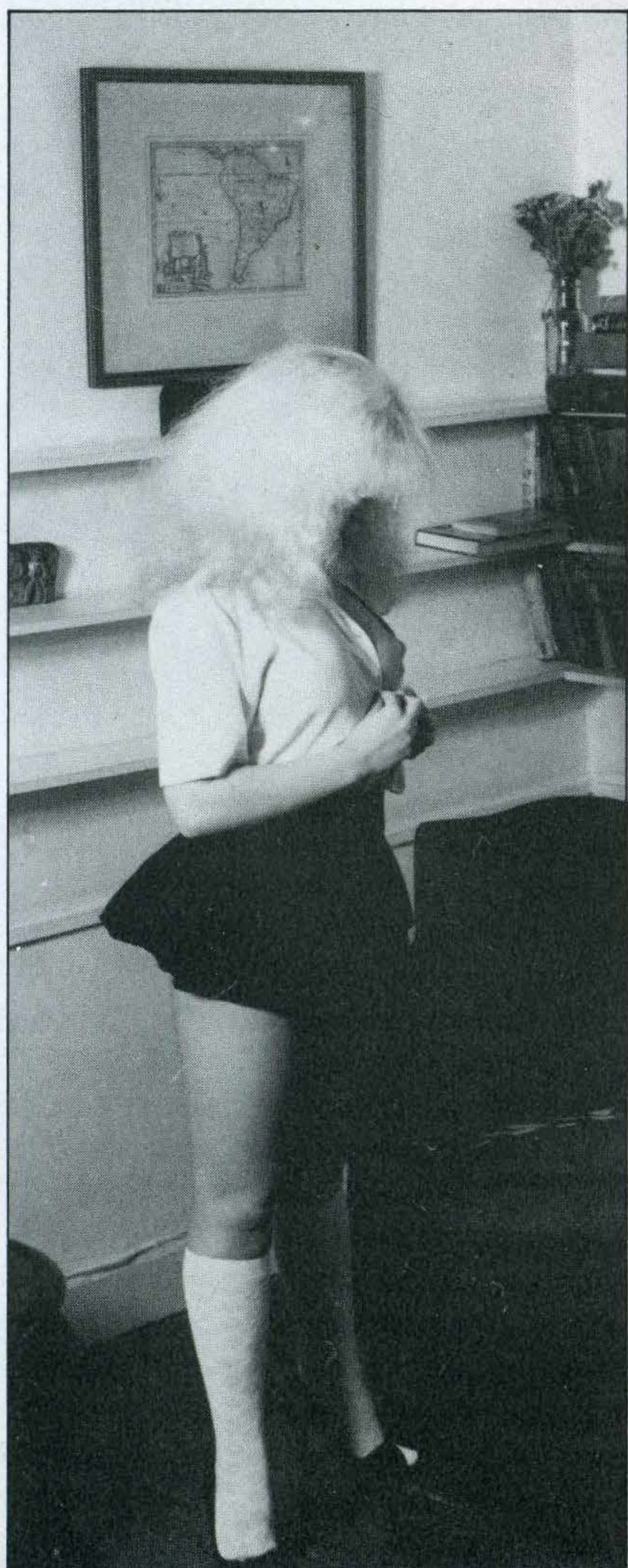


'Oh Lord!' She didn't say it until she was out of earshot, of course, but it really was enough to make you spit!

She let herself into the shed and scowled at the weatherboard planks for the lack of anything else to take it out on. She was still frowning and pouting in the same childish way when she heard his stumbling steps on the path, but not without good reason. If Mr. Dudley wanted to think of her as an 'impudent little girl' then that was at least better than when he decided she was an 'immoral little baggage'. 'Immoral baggages' got their bums caned – 'Impudent little girls' got their bottoms spanked. A fine point of difference well worth remembering, from Tracey's point of view.

'Well now – what have you got to say for yourself, my saucy little lady? Hmm?'

Tracey could have said she'd rather have pulled her own shorts down, thank you Mr. Dudley, although she might have been a trifle too late. With lots of energetic fumbling he was taking them down anyway, along with her knickers. Her bottom swelled out over the tight elastic and got itself spanked for it's cheek. Instead she thought it might be





wiser to be 'little' and perhaps say as little as possible. She managed it a moment later, when Mr. Dudley seemed to decide that her pants were failing to disengage themselves from their lodgement at the tops of her thighs and gave them a little inexpertly managed help.

'Oh, Mr. Dudley!'

He smiled at that, and did it again, and then he hauled her across his knees whilst he sat on a drum of weedkiller. He finished the job of pulling her knickers down and then he gave her an experimental slap, just to hear her squeal. Tracey obliged, and it wasn't all play-acting.

He had hard hands!

Tracey continued to 'oblige' until it stopped being a matter of obliging and became a spanking in earnest. By the time he had finished with her she felt a lot more like a 'little girl' than a grown-up one, not least because she was crying like a kid.





And then she had to be smuggled out of the house and off down the lane on her bike without saying goodbye to Mrs. Dudley, because the old lady would have wanted to know why she looked as if she'd been crying. Tracey wobbled off on her bike and Walter went back to the house. The first thing he did was put the kettle on, and the second was to make a phone call to Charles. Strictly speaking, Walter might have been accused of telling a few fibs – but never mind. The thing was, the girl plainly needed to be taught more of a lesson than he'd had time to. Charles assured him that he would be waiting for her in the study with a strap the moment she got back. Satisfied with that, Walter made the tea and went to sit in the conservatory with his wife. They chatted gardening until twilight, by which time Tracey had been sent to bed with her bum strapped and both Walter and Charles had been left with the feeling that the *status quo* had been maintained for another day.

'Wendy?' Charles' voice outside the door made Wendy start – his face appearing in the half-open doorway made her drop the soap into the water and stand with her hands across her body while he eyed her soap-streaked shape up and down 'haven't you finished yet?'

'Er – yes. I won't be a minute.' She plopped down into the bath and rinsed the water over her, not looking back over her shoulder but knowing that he was still there, watching. Suddenly he was there beside her, a towel in his hands.

'Come on.' He held out the towel towards her, not giving it to her – more inviting her to come and get it. 'Ashamed of her nakedness – she still hadn't got used to being completely undressed in front of him – she had no option but to stand up in the bath. Water streamed down her breasts and belly, running down her legs and arms, naked and shiny in the overhead light.

He withdrew the towel and leaned forward to pull out the plug, then, while the water drained away, he helped Wendy to dry herself, nowhere being too personal a place for his attention, the blush on Wendy's fresh pink face simply added encouragement to him.

'Turn round.' Her bottom, damp and smooth-skinned, glowed warm red from it's immersion in the hot water so soon after it had been spanked. Finger marks showed individually here and there as the towel brisked roughly over her buttocks, bouncing her cheeks and pinkening the tops of her thighs with it's coarseness. Wendy panted little protests at the thoroughness of the towel's attentions, but to no effect. Her body – and especially her bottom – was tingling all over by the time she was dry.

Talcum powder was sprinkled liberally everywhere, especially in those little places where there might still be a trace of dampness, like in between the division of her chubby bum-cheeks. At last he tossed the towel onto a chair and went out to the linen cupboard on the landing. He returned with a vest – nothing else.

'We'll have tea and toast downstairs.' he said.

Wendy dressed herself – it took only a moment, there being only the vest. Tea and toast was a ritual every Sunday now that Tracey had been sent back to the training camp – Wendy would kneel before the log fire, which she would have made up earlier, while he went to make the – oh dear! Suddenly she remembered



BATH NIGHT

Charles slips up

that she *hadn't* made up the fire!

She scampered downstairs, past the kitchen where he was busy with the kettle, and ducked into the living room. The fire was almost out! Frantically she knelt down and fanned at the few remaining sparks with a newspaper. Nothing much happened. Putting her face close to the grate she blew, hard, and then sat back on her heels spluttering. Black specks of ash were whirling in the air and had already settled on her vest and her arms, and on her legs.

She skewered a piece of bread and held it to the fire on the toasting prong while she tried again with the newspaper. More smuts flew around, but that was all. More logs would hardly be the answer; she stuffed the newspaper into the glowing ashes and it caught immediately, but there was no more paper and hardly any time left anyway! Out in the hall she heard his footsteps, and the clink of china on a tray. Panicking, Wendy thrust the bread towards the dying flames from the burning paper, knowing it was hopeless, knowing that he would relish any reason to give her another spanking, if not worse, and this he would call negligence, in his book almost the very worst of crimes!

For several minutes he stood there behind her, watching as the flames died, while Wendy could think of nothing else to do but stay there on her knees with the bread thrust towards the fire, waiting for the inevitable outburst.

When it came it was less an outburst than an ominously quiet intimation that there was going to be more to bedtime tonight than a pat on the bottom and a peck on the cheek.

'You've made your vest filthy, Wendy. Take it off.'

Wendy put down the poker and did as she was told, her breasts bobbing as the vest slipped up to her neck before she pulled it off. She brushed her hair back out of her eyes and looked nervously back over her shoulder.

'And you've got smuts on your face – all over yourself, in fact.' He looked down at her in the way that he did when he'd thought of something entertaining to do with her. 'You'll have to have another bath, my girl, that's what you'll have to have!' He pointed theatrically towards the door. 'Come on – upstairs!'

Clutching her vest to her body, Wendy slipped sideways past him, keeping well out of reach, and then darted for the door.

It took five minutes to run the bath; five minutes in which Wendy's already spanked bottom got another dose of the same treatment, hoisted across his lap while he sat on the bathroom chair with steam rising all around and condensing on her bare, upturned bum-cheeks, making the slaps sting more on the dampness and prompting Wendy to lively and valuable response!

Weeping miserably, she was made to stand up in the bath while she was soaped from the top of her forehead to her knees, her thighs squeezing together as the soap was slipped in between and then lathered by hands which didn't hold back for the sake of her modesty. Each little squeal of surprise or complaint brought a swift spank on the bottom or legs, making flecks of soap fly everywhere and doing nothing to diminish the girl's tearfulness. Even through the lather, her bum's freshly punished crimson glowed brilliantly, and with more slaps arriving every few seconds she was trying desperately to keep her eye on the spanking hand and letting the other one slip through her defences to make her squeal some more.

'Right – now get another towel and dry yourself. I'll deal with you properly in your bedroom!'

It was a flushed-faced and blushing-bottomed girl who tip-toed along to her room a few minutes later, to find her pillow plumped up on the end of the bed and the cane laid ominously across it. Wendy knew well enough what she was expected



to do – and what she was in for now!

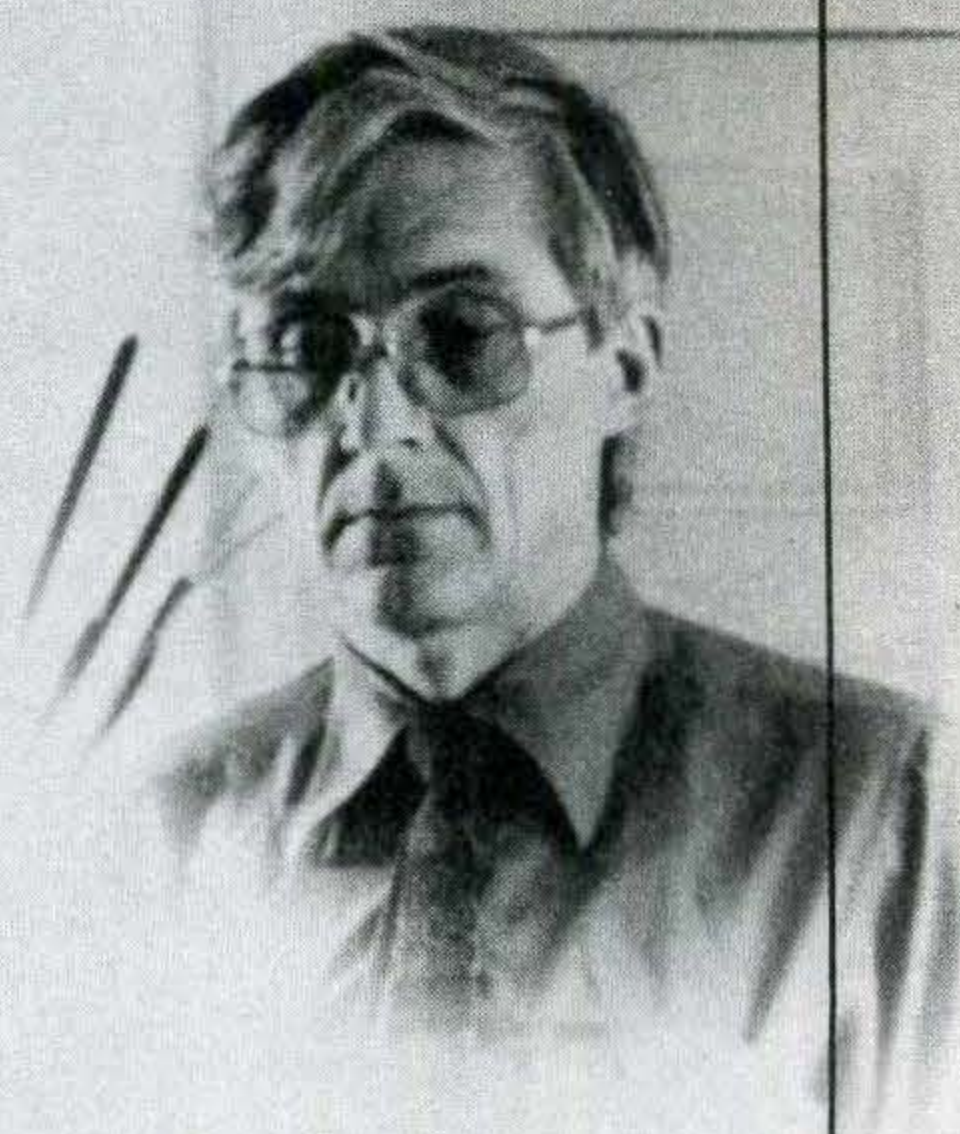
By the time Charles had come upstairs again, Wendy had spread-eagled herself across the end of her bed, her tummy on the pillow, her toes on the floor, her legs straight, her hands stretched forward and out on either side to clasp the bedclothes. The cane which she had left on the bedspread beside her, whispered against the candlewick as Charles picked it up, and then it's cool length was laid teasingly across both reddened bum-cheeks, patting and bouncing against the firm flesh of the plumped-out buttocks, making them quiver and squeeze together in anticipation of the caning to come.

And come it did; six strokes, hard and painful, all over in two minutes but in that short time Wendy had been transformed from a nervous, expectant girl into a blubbering child, wriggling against the rumpled bed with her hands clutching at her bottom while she sobbed out her distress into the bedclothes. Left across her bed to cry out her tears, Charles tucked the cane pompously under his arm and left, returning a moment later to say 'Get into bed. I'll be back.'

For thirty minutes or longer, Wendy lay quiet as a mouse under the bedclothes, listening to him walking around downstairs, jumping every time she thought she heard him pacing along the hall to come up to her room. Under the blankets she was still naked, knowing that was how he would expect to find her. When he did return he had the cane in his hand again; overcome by fright Wendy burst into tears and hid her head under the sheet, but the blankets were whisked away and she was hauled out of bed, sobbing as she was made to walk in front of him along the upper landing, her bottom flicked by the cane at every second step. Skittering away to either side, crying loudly at the fresh smart being kindled in her bum, he piloted her into the big bedroom at the end of the house which was almost never used.

The bed was huge, with posts at each corner which supported a canopy of pink silk. It was old-fashioned and high off the floor; standing with her thighs against it, before she was pushed forward and made to topple across it, the mattress was on a level





with the tops of Wendy's legs. It made a perfect, almost waist-high platform for a caning.

The six can strokes Wendy had already been given were faintly-raised ridges across the crowns of her cheeks, closely grouped yet not overlapped. The six she was now given were aimed lower down, up under the outswell of her buttocks, and were so painful that her hands had to be held in the small of her back so that her struggles should not interfere with this second installment of her caning. The six strokes left her wriggling against the bed, her crying leaving her too breathless to protest when some cooling cream was produced from a chest of drawers and smoothed none too gently around the plump curves of her bum, between the thighs being just as important a place, apparently, as anywhere else, the slippery fingers finding places that you wouldn't have thought would need creaming in the ordinary way, except that by now Wendy didn't need to be told that this wasn't anything to do with what ordinarily happened.

It began gently enough – a slippery probing, a careful dilation, while Wendy's eyes widened in apprehension. Her nervous wriggles were ignored – her legs were eased apart and kept there by the pressure of his legs against the insides of her's; her hips were tilted up to the required angle by his hands under her belly, and then the filling-up feeling, inch by careful inch, the

widening, the coaxing the understanding finger slipped somehow down between her thighs so as to touch a tender, titillating spot.

Wendy's hands began to reach backwards, groping, flustering, protesting mutely, while the invasion continued and became a coming and going, a thrusting and a pushing, while thoughtless hands wandered lasciviously over her up-tilted bum, careless of the cane-marks, even seeming to seek them out deliberately.

Wendy's tears now seemed less frantic, prompted no longer by pain or even fear so much as by the emotional aspects of what was happening to her. Despite herself she began to respond to the rhythm, lifting a little, rising up to meet him at every push. Charles' discretion intervened at the last moment; slipping backwards he allowed the benediction to fall in warm splatters over the girl's crimson bottom, seeing her shiver at the unexpected sensation.

Silly though it was, of course, Wendy found herself in the bath for the third time that evening – well, she couldn't go to bed like that, could she – and she was asleep in bed, on her tummy, by the time Charles found that there wasn't any hot water for him. Wendy, presumably, would not have been in the least sympathetic even had she known, which she didn't. She'd heard as much as she wanted to hear about bathtime for one day.

Mr Dupont in fine fettle

'What you need, my girl, is a little re-education in the art of applying yourself whole-heartedly to your work. Don't you agree, Rosalind?'

'Yes, Daddy.' Rosalind fumbled surreptitiously for her knickers, lodged between her knees where they had slithered as a result of her struggles across his lap. She had been trying to find a convenient moment to retrieve them, but each time she had stooped forward so that she could reach he had fixed her with that calculating stare he had that could freeze both action and intent, so menacing was the gleam in his eyes. Again he intercepted her attempted retrieval of that insubstantial token of a girl's modesty, and hesitantly Rosalind straightened up, blanching and feeling her bottom tremble nervously.

'What's the matter, bottom getting chilly?'

'N-no, Daddy.' She avoided the trap by some intuitive realisation that chilly bottoms might be ones which needed warming up again. She stood up straight, still clutching her skirt to her waist, embarrassed by the feel of her nakedness from her belly-button down. On her stepfather's desk the letter from school which had precipitated all this awfulness mocked her pale face and spank-reddened bottom, and made a nonsense of her grown-up pretensions. Her father paced the room which he liked to call the library,



ANDANTE CON BRIO





'As I was saying, Rosalind; a little re-education is what you need. It might teach you to do what you're told, when you're told to do it. I think you said you agreed with me on that, didn't you?'

'Um - y-yes, Daddy.' She wasn't at all sure that she did, actually, but saying so would have been rash indeed. Her nickers slipped suddenly from her knees and plopped around her ankles; further away than ever. She shuffled her feet together, thinking that now it might be best simply to step out of them altogether. He turned his back again, glancing out of the window at the gardener and his lad weeding a flower bed, and Rosalind siezed the moment and stooped to scoop up her pants. She was treated to another glare as her father turned back towards her; guiltily she screwed up





her knickers in one hand and slipped that hand behind her back. Tentatively she let her skirt slide its pleats down in front of her tummy, the movement not unobserved but at least uncommented.

'Well then – do you remember Mr. Dupont? Used to teach you the piano?' He watched the last ruffle of her pubic hair disappear beneath the dubiously lowered skirt, his expression betraying an uncharacteristic hint of amusement.

'Y-yes.' Not Rosalind's most-favourite-ever person, Mr. Dupont.

'I telephoned him this morning. Do you know what I did that for?'

'N-no.' Fiddling with her knickers behind her back, Rosalind suddenly felt them slip from her fingers and brush the backs of her legs as they fell to the floor. She flushed in an instant at the chuckle that greeted this unfortunate happening. 'Um – he must be very old by now.' And hopefully retired. Please – let him be retired. Even better – a wicked thought, but almost forgivable – perhaps dead? Demised, passed on – did it sound better that way? 'H-how is he?'

'In the rudest of good health, I understand.'

Rudest of good health! Naturally. If he were still 'undemised,' he of all people would be in 'rude' good health. Rosalind squatted and recovered her pants, still flushed.

'I asked him two things. I asked him, first of all, whether he thought a sixteen year old was *too* old to have her bottom caned.' The amused look passed across his face again as Rosalind's cheeks lost their rosi-ness as quickly as they had gained it. 'Do you know what he said? He said he thought not. Apparently he has a girl of seventeen, still a regular pupil. He says she responds to the cane just as well as ever. Linda Chandler? Did you ever meet her?'

'Y-yes.' Poor Linda. High days and holidays, half-terms and long weekends – her mother was obsessed with trying to get her to the Royal College of Music. Seventeen, and *still* having her knickers taken down by the vulgar man! Rosalind swallowed noisily; this wasn't sounding too good for her own bottom's well-being!

'Do you know what else I asked him?'

'No –.' But she could guess! How *awful*, if she had to go back to Mr. Dupont! She could feel her bum flinching at the very thought of being up on that piano stool again.

'I asked if he could accommodate another pupil this weekend. One whose practice had *not* been kept

up – he took a rather narrow view of that, by the way – and one whose general conduct in the matter of education in general left much to be desired.'

But he said no. *Please* – let him have said no!

'He said he was rather busy, but – as it was an old pupil, he would make time for her.' He smiled unconvincingly. 'For *you*, that is.'

Linda's frantic sobbing, though muffled by the closed door, carried its dismal message that nothing much had changed since Rosalind had last been there. She pressed her knees together and tugged her skirt down over them in an involuntary gesture of concealment, knowing that there wasn't going to be much chance to conceal anything once she was in that other room at the piano! It was almost ten o'clock on Saturday morning, and there was a two hour lesson in front of her even before lunch. She bit her nails and felt the butterflies in her tummy and tried not to picture what was happening in the music room.

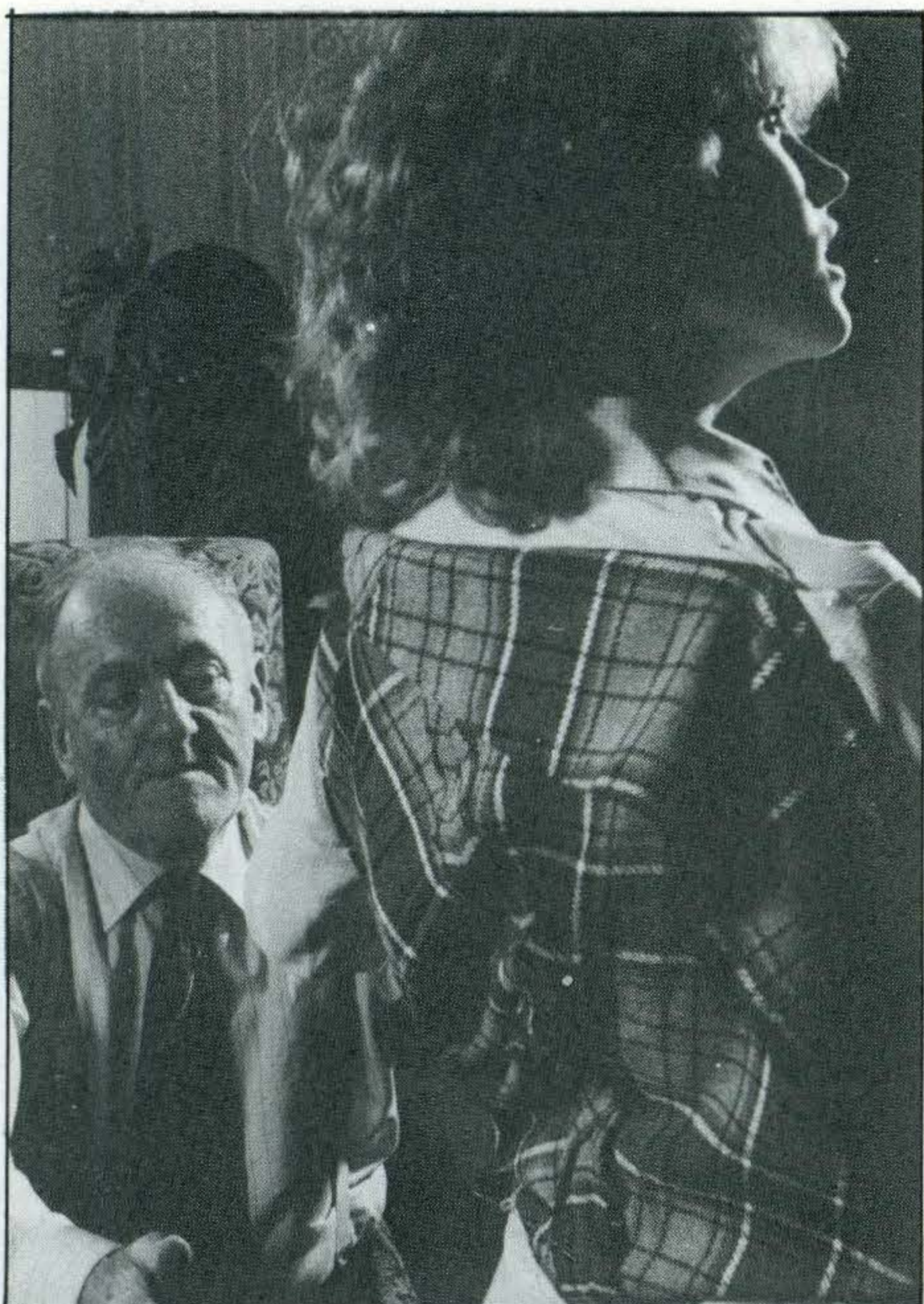
Linda was there for yet another weekend like most weekends. An hour's practice when she arrived on Friday night, three lessons on Saturday and two on Sunday, when her mother would collect her at about half past five. Mr. Dupont sat comfortably beside the piano stool and piloted the girl through a complicated piece which she executed more or less perfectly. She reached the end and stopped with her fingers still poised above the keys; her tender-looking buttocks flinched in rueful anticipation of another stroke from the strap which lazied across her teacher's knee. There seemed no reason to disappoint her. The strap's leather tongue licked smartly around the obediently out-thrust bum-cheeks, making them quiver and jerk forward on the seat, yet by the time the strap had been returned to its place of readiness the girl's bottom was pushing itself perkily out behind again, as if already waiting for the next one.

'Play it again, please.'

'Yes sir.' Though she was still half sobbing, Linda's fingers went instantly through the ritual of the piece which she had played every Saturday morning for the last four visits, knowing it so well she scarcely needed to look at the music.

Mr. Dupont knew the girl so well that he hardly needed to look to know that the strap had slightly mis-





sed the fullness of the cheek he had aimed for and had glanced off the edge of the stool as it had been brought up from below. Her reaction had been a little too subdued, considering she had been at the stool for an hour, and the strap had been at her plump bottom for just as long. He knew her well enough too, to be confident that when he told her to slip an inch or so backwards so that the same thing shouldn't happen next time, she would know exactly why she was told to do it, and that as soon as she had the strap would arrive with full force to do the job it had only half done the last time; yet she would do it without question, obedient to the letter.

Linda's rebellious nature hadn't always allowed him to predict her

behaviour with such accuracy, she had once been as chary of the spanking hand or strap or cane as any girl in her position would have been; several confrontations, however, together with a number of interviews with her mother, had settled the girl down into the kind of obedience required of her. He no longer found himself having to explain anything to Mrs. Chandler — Linda knew that whatever complaint she might be moved to make to her would simply be submerged in all the persuasive effort her teacher had devoted to winning her mother's confidence in him, so that no he could do no wrong.

Linda finished the piece and sat looking nervously over her shoulder, anticipating the strap's sting up



under her bottom. It arrived, this time accurately aimed, and she lifted an inch or so from the stool as her legs tautened automatically. Her breasts bounced heavily under her pyjama top and she sucked in a gasp of patient anguish.

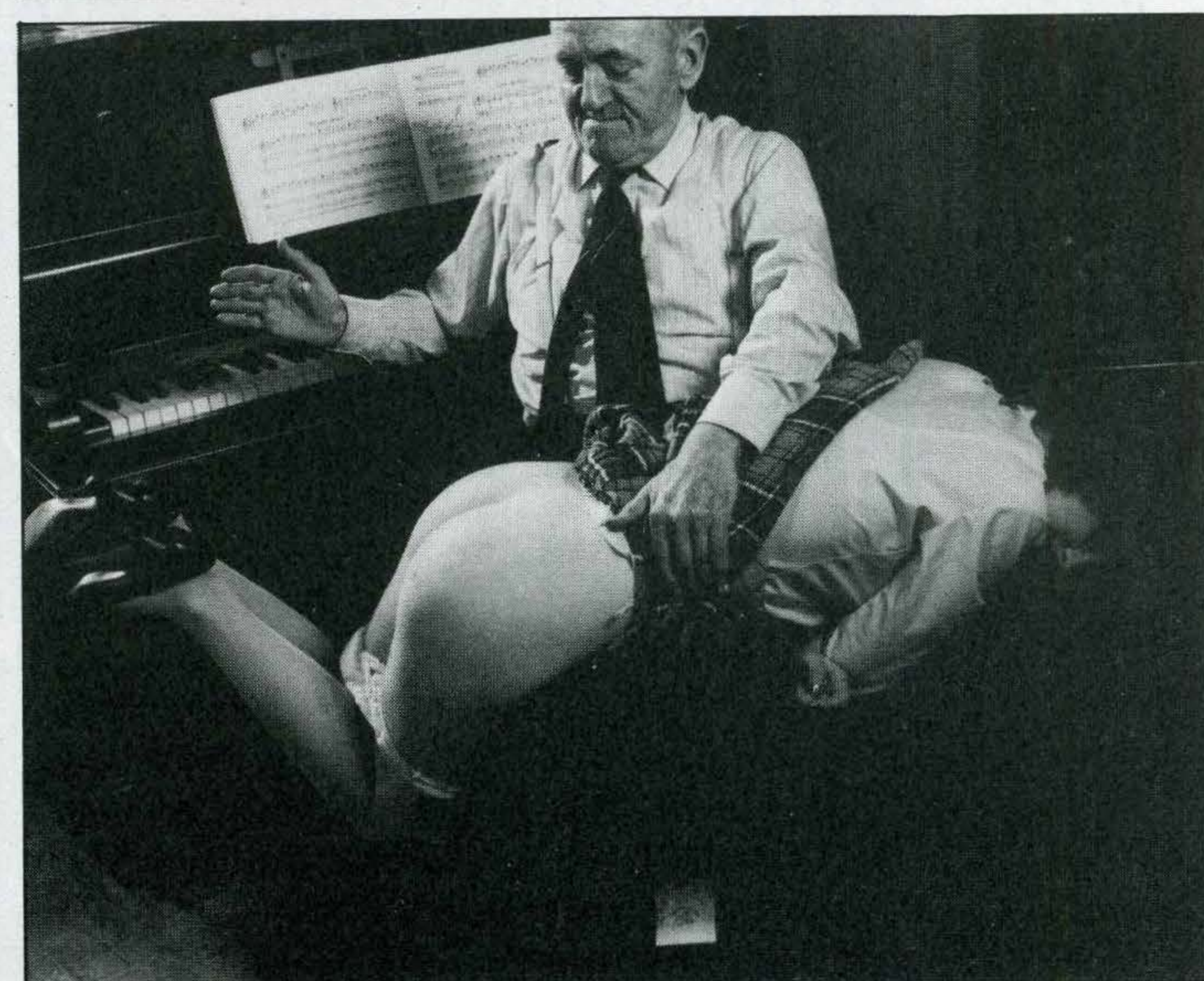
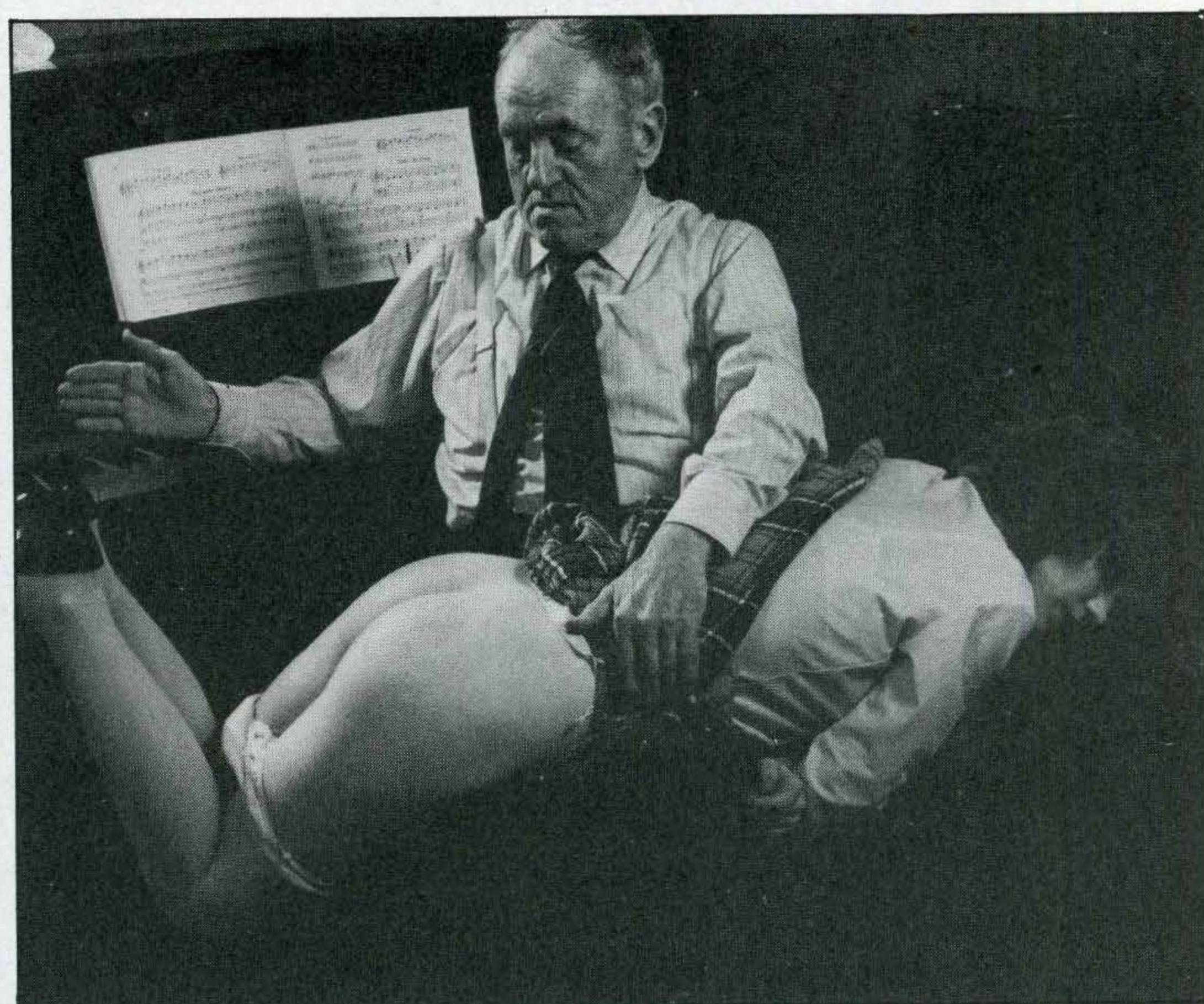
'Again - the last time, Linda.'

'Yes sir.' Once more her fingers found the keys and she began.

Linda's pyjama bottoms had, as ever, been confiscated as soon as she had arrived, along with her knickers, her skirt, her jeans. Nakedness from the waist down was *de rigueur* for Linda whenever she came to Mr. Dupont's house, and she no more told her mother about that than she told her about the substitution of a system of 'for-fiets' in place of the strap at Saturday evening piano lessons, the penalties to be paid later, in her bedroom. Mr. Dupont had hardly considered it necessary for her to get dressed for this morning's lesson, since it had commenced straight after breakfast and anyway, getting 'dressed' would have borne only token significance, since it would only have been a matter of

swopping her pyjama top for a blouse; ankle socks and sandals being the only other items of clothing allowed.

Once again Linda finished the piece. 'Whack! The strap made her squirm again, but then the relief of being told she could go eased the smart. Linda scurried to the door and upstairs; Rosalind, wiggling on her chair in dread anticipation, heard her name called. A bundle of anxieties, she tip-toed across the hall with a last pointless hitch at her knickers through her skirt as she went, and then there it was, the piano just as it had always been, the stool on which her spank-tenderised bottom had perched for endless hours, and Mr. Dupont, hardly any different from the last time she'd seen him. On the top of the piano a token that said things hadn't changed at all; two safety pins, which he would use to pin up her skirt so that nothing would interfere with his access to her bottom. Feeling just the same as she'd always done every time before, Rosalind went in and closed the door behind her.



CORRESPONDENCE

Standard to maintain

Dear Sir

Yours is a splendid new magazine – much better than anything I've seen before. I especially liked the two colour page sequences – the blonde girl over the desk has *the* most caneable bottom imaginable – really firm and full-looking and simply begging to be caned! I should love to think that she actually *has* been caned by someone at some time – perhaps the man in the photos? She should be encouraged in the belief that a bottom like hers is a part of the National Heritage, and you should persuade her to let us see more of it in future issues.

The picture on page thirty is my favourite – those strong young legs kicking as the cane cuts across those delicious bum-cheeks! If I had her to myself in the circumstances depicted in the photos I shouldn't let her up until she'd had a good few more strokes than the inspector has given her! In particular I like the way the pictures have been arranged to show her progressing through her punishment from saucy young imp to the weeping, demoralised girl we see on the last two pages.

From the excellent content of the first issue, I confidently expect to see more of the same high quality in future numbers. If so, they will be well worth the rather startling price on the cover.

D.E. Edmonton.

More of the same, please!

Dear Sir

How pleasant – and memory-jerking – to see a girl in those old-style navy blues, rucked up round the waistband and full enough to spread out over the bottom itself without inhibiting it's shapeliness by becoming too tight. The upside-down miss who got the amusing letter from her uncle fits her knickers admirably – even the wrong way up. The right-way-up picture on page seventeen says it all, doesn't it. If a girl's bum ever asked to be spanked hers does! And it's those knickers that do it, you know.

I wish I could say I'd had the opportunity to spank a girl in navy blues, but that is something which has eluded me thus far. I don't suppose the chance will come now, not least because I dare say

most girls grow out of navy knickers much earlier than they used to. In the 'good old days' girls at school wore navy knickers until they were sixteen or seventeen, as I'm sure many of your readers will remember. It has to be said that schoolgirl knickers actually look better, as a rule, on 'grown up' girls than they do on those they're intended for – (*now how would you know that, M.A.?*) However, in guarded conversations at various times with girls of my acquaintance, the girls' opinions have always been that navy knickers are childish and definitely un-sexy to the ultimate degree. How wrong they are! If only some adventurous manufacturer would promote the image of school knickers as they really can be when worn by a well-shaped girl in her late teens, then perhaps we could look forward to office girls in navy pants, posters on the Underground of the same, and a consequent remodelling of the image the modern pert miss has of herself into something more like the feminine 'blushfulness' one remembers with such affection from one's youth.

M.A. Bolton.

Disciplinarian's appreciation

Dear Sir

It is refreshing to note that your magazine is not afraid to present the reader with situations, written, photographed and otherwise illustrated, in which teenage girls are given *proper* punishments. The canings which you have described are more like the punishments that wilful girls actually need – namby-pamby bottom smackings, whilst entertaining no doubt, are *not* adequate either as punishments or as deterrent measures.

I note also that you have not been seduced by the notion that the usual 'schoolroom six' is sufficient to correct the wilfulness of such girls in their middle and late teens. Twelve good strokes should be regarded as the minimum necessary to teach the lesson of obedience to a big, healthy girl whose bottom is adequately plump, and I am pleased to see that punishments of eighteen strokes and more are recommended.

Canings, as the authors of your stories have indicated, are not

really the organised, legs-out-straight and penitantly-presented bottom affairs that one might suppose them to be from reading some other accounts. They are noisy and tearful struggles against the will of the caner to administer the necessary 'dose', and the girl who could keep her bum quietly and undemonstrably in position for stroke after stroke I should like to meet – or rather, I should *not* like to meet, since it *is* the struggles and the protests, the promises to be good and the plaintive weepings which turn caning a girl into an erotic experience rather than a repulsive act of brutality.

Threats of further punishment – either more strokes of the cane then and there or a promised resumption of the punishment on a subsequent occasion – are the only methods of persuasion that will subdue a girl once her bottom has felt the sting of a properly applied cane. Threats, and an inflexible determination not to let the girl off lighter than was originally intended, have proved, in my admittedly limited experience, to be the only viable alternative to actually securing the girl in position.

Kindly continue to offer us the same strong-minded exposition of the art of the caned female bottom; I shall look forward to each issue with interest.

M.B. Worcester.

Dear Sir,

You may find the enclosed photos interesting, in which case please feel free to publish them. Several of them have had small sections removed to ensure discretion; packaging material bearing the name of a certain company would otherwise receive publicity which would probably be unwelcomed, and my own integrity threatened. I trust the 'surgical incisions' will not detract too much from their interest.

The girl, whose name I shall say was Christine, (same initial, at least) was employed by the company for whom I worked as a kind of office girl come occasional (and very bad) typist. The photos span a period of about eleven months in the mid seventies, the lower numbers relating to earlier dates and vice-versa. Those being the background facts, I shall explain the details.

I have tried once to write this letter



as a letter, but written in that way it conveys none of the subtlety of what I want to say. Thus from this point I have settled on a half letter, half story presentation which I think makes a better job of it.

Apart from her bum, which I was probably not alone in finding fascinating to have about the office, Christine had little to recommend her as an employee. She seemed rather a snooty, couldn't care less girl - particularly irritating in a seventeen year old - but her prime failing was her habit of being late for work by between ten and thirty minutes each day, with rarely a word of apology and little difference made by frequent tellings-off. As office manager, and despite the consequent loss of her charming posterior aspect about the office, I eventually sacked her. (Yes, I would have liked to spank her, but I should have liked to do the same to any number of girls without any likelihood of actually doing it - certainly not at work.)

You will understand my surprise therefore when she turned up in my office about ten days later, having obtained an appointment over the telephone as an applicant for a typist's job which the company had advertised, giving an assumed name. Without labouring the obvious; that I was at a loss to understand what she thought she was

doing; the girl sat in my office in tears while I attempted to calm her down (unsuccessfully), eventually suggesting that she should meet me in a nearby pub after work simply in order to extricate myself from an embarrassing situation. The meeting, which I went to mostly for fear that there would be a repetition of the scene in the office if I didn't, provided me with an entirely new point of view of Christine and her odd behaviour.

Far from being the stuck-up little madam I had supposed her to be, I realised that in fact she was very shy - painfully so - and her attitude at work had been simply a defence mechanism (my interpretation). Indeed, so uncertain was she of herself, it seemed she hadn't even told her mother (she lived at home) that she had lost her job, for fear of being made to feel inadequate. (My interpretation again). The loss of her job, the only one she'd had since leaving school, was especially difficult for her because she had got it originally through the good offices of a neighbour who worked for the company. For the past ten days, apparently, she had been leaving home at the usual time each day and spending the hours she would normally have been at work in the park or the library - clearly a situation which



could not continue.

She said she didn't have the self-confidence to try for another job, and was worried anyway that the reference she would get from the company (from me, that is) would have been a bad one. (It would have been, I must admit.)

I have to confess that whereas I may have day dreamed that I would like to have spanked some of the girls at work, it had hitherto been only that - a day-dream; and in fact if it had come to it I would have preferred to have spanked almost any of the others rather than Christine, simply because I don't find self-confident girls (even if that self-confidence is only apparent) much of a turn-on. Actually I think they scare me a bit. In the pub though it was an entirely different girl I was dealing with. I remember clearly the erection it evoked when she started crying afresh over her bag of crisps - not because she was crying but because she suddenly appeared to be completely vulnerable. The arrangements I then made; to take her back on condition she went on a typing course so that I could justify re-employing her in a new position, were conducted with me in a bemused state of sexual excitement centred around the girl's helplessness in having to appeal to me to rescue her from an impossible situation. No longer did she seem snooty and self-confident, but rather the opposite. I was moved to mention that seemingly insuperable obstacle to re-employment - her habitual lateness - having the idea large in the back of my mind that her unpunctuality would make an ideal excuse to spank her; remember that during the short time we had been in conversation in the pub I had become entirely besotted by her, and the thought of actually getting her knickers down, was almost too much to bear in patience. But patience I had to have.

She said that she'd tried not to be late - the tellings-off, I gathered, had had more effect than I'd realised - but she was simply unable to do anything about it. At school she had very often missed the bus in the mornings, and had constantly been in trouble for it, and now she was at work it was no different. It wasn't that she couldn't get out of bed; simply that she always seemed to leave too little time for the journey.

By now I had fallen under the spell of her little-girlishness so completely that I had become very sympathetic towards her, (genuinely, it having much to do with my feeling of guilt for having misjudged her



earlier), not so much so, however, that my sympathy overcame my fascination with the idea of putting her across my knee. Feeling rather vulnerable myself, I put the following proposition to her.

That I felt responsible for her present invidious position, admitting that I had misjudged her before and had sacked her through lack of understanding and charity.

That I would not be able to swing it if I re-employed her in her former capacity — she would have to go on a typing course, which I said I would pay for (I was perhaps a little over-eager there) which would provide her with a paper qualification at the end of it. In that case I could, and would, take her on as a typist.

That — and here was the crunch — I really did feel that she needed a 'firm hand behind her' over the unpunctuality business — didn't she think so too? She said she did; I think she would have agreed to anything at the time out of sheer relief at getting her job back).

That the 'firm hand' theory should involve the application of the aforementioned hand (mine!) to her bottom. I said it with a serious face and managed to convey the idea of earnest intent. We both said that it would be for her own good; that is, I said it and she nodded obligingly. I did not mention bared bottoms, knickers, or things like that. I asked if

she thought it would be a reasonable solution to the problem of her lateness (which would get her sacked again if nothing was done about it, and I would be in hot water etc. etc.) Yes, she thought so, and was very, very grateful. She'd work hard, come on time, be very good at typing —

Christine did learn to type, she did work hard, and she did try to get to work on time. Not hard enough, however — I think she still managed to be late six times in the first two weeks, or something like that. Not wishing to blow my cover by being too strict with her too soon, the first week was allowed to slip by without more than a passing reference to Christine's lateness. In fact I was more than eager to get her across my knee, but didn't want to let her know it in case she suspected that she was being taken for a ride. The same considerations — plus a degree of nervousness on my part — led to the following weekend's encounter being less than conclusive from the smacked bottom point of view, but a moral victory that augured well for future.

On the Friday afternoon I had Christine come to my office after my secretary had left to account for her unpunctuality. The company closed down at four o'clock on Fridays so there would be plenty of time. In the quiet way I had practised, I lectured Christine as she stood in front of my desk, mentioning in particular the efforts I had gone to on her behalf. To my surprise she began to cry. I pressed on with what I thought was a reasonable presentation of the facts of the matter, feeling both more conscience-stricken and more sexually aroused as she continued to cry and began to apologise for her stupidity. As I had planned — I had had several weeks to think out every last detail of how I would do it — I told her to take her own knickers down, standing there in front of me. This she did, crying no less, holding up her skirt when I told her to, so that I caught my first glimpse of those concealed bits of her body I had fantasised about ever since she had agreed to my suggestions in the pub. The trouble was, I began to feel quite worried about all the tears, wondering what on earth she would be like once I actually began to spank her bum. I imagined, of course, that she was crying because she was going to be spanked; it did not occur to me that there could be any other reason. In some trepidation I got her across my knee — I can still remember the feel of

her body across my thighs. My own arousal was almost unavoidably obvious, I should have thought. I held both her hands behind her back and began to spank her. It was the very first time I had spanked a girl, and I had no idea really how to do it. On reflection I am sure I must have been altogether too careful with her — she had probably come expecting a thorough tanning and instead got a rather mild spanking. I have to tell you though that that spanking was an erotic high-point for me; I dare say it was all the tears and her charming obedience to each little suggestion I made — time and again she repositioned herself across my lap as I let her slip off, with never a word of protest — and the excitement of seeing her bare bottom going redder and redder under my hand. I shouldn't think the whole thing lasted much more than five minutes. I then had her stand there with her skirt up and her knickers down (like in the spanking magazines, which had been the entire limit of my horizons until then) while I told her off some more. At the time I was lost for a way to account for the fact that she had actually cried a lot less whilst being spanked than she had when being told off both before and after. In due course I sent her off home, hugely excited and elated by the success of the first spanking I had ever given a girl.





I learnt a lot in the ensuing months. The whole thing was, of course, constructed around the play that what was happening to Christine in my office on Friday afternoons was 'for her own good'. I knew by some intuition that that was the only way it would ever work – the girl was much too sensitive to be exposed to the truth about my interest in her. It also has to be said that I began to like her rather a lot – it didn't stop me smacking her bottom, and a good deal harder as time went on – and naturally, given the circumstances, it was part and parcel of the whole thing that I took a considerable and distinctly paternal interest in her welfare thereafter. I lent her money, gave her lifts and so on, in a genuine way that I am sure she appreciated. I realised that she actually felt very grateful to me, and was genuinely sorry whenever she felt – or I made her feel – that she had let me down. That, of course, was why she had cried so much on the occasion of her first spanking. I have to admit that when I realised the guilt she felt I exploited her emotions shamelessly – much though I liked her, the chief thing was always the excitement of taking her knickers down and making her cry across my lap, which she did much more readily once I lost my inhibitions about hurting her little bum. I also discovered that she was very shy, in the sense of being shy about being made to undress in front of me. This, too, I exploited, finding it more exciting than ever to make her take off everything below her waist prior to spanking her. The photographs, which accompany this letter, were all part of that exploitation – I did it to heighten her embarrassment and

my own enjoyment of what was in truth her submissiveness.

In some of the photos you will see that she had been caned, in others strapped. These punishments I always made a meal of, having her across the desk for them, making her wait and wait for the first stroke, and wait some more in between while I told her off and she, since I am sure she somehow needed the emotional release of tears, cried at her having 'let me down'. I hope those photos will be appreciated by your readers – Carol's bottom went through a lot in the course of their being taken. My reasons for offering them for publication are mixed, but I shall enjoy seeing them in a magazine if you print them, that pleasure being somewhat lewd, I suppose, in that even after these several years it will still seem enjoyable to expose the girl to the unobstructed view of thousands even if only in photographic form; she would be deeply shocked, I dare say, if she saw them, although I imagine that would be an unlikely happening.

The termination of what was for me a never-palling excitement and for Christine probably something much the same, although on an emotional level, was a painful experience for me. Her mother caught sight of her daughter's bum one Friday evening, wrenched the whole story out of her, and descended upon me in my office at half past eight on the following Monday morning. Curtains descended all around. I need hardly say more.



Yours faithfully
D.M. Norwich



Imagination gingered up

Sir

I found your magazine *most* interesting, and in particular I found the section including the girl undressing at her uncle's elbow – *was* it her uncle, by the way? – stimulating and, above all the looks of genuine apprehension and distress on the girl's face as she was systematically undressed and then spanked. I find myself half convinced that we were privileged to have witnessed the actual event.

My imagination runs ahead and pictures the scene a little later, when 'uncle' goes upstairs to ensure that the girl, fresh from her bath, is securely tucked up in bed. Does he simply peck her on the cheek and tell her to go to sleep – I doubt that I should have such self-control – or does he pull back the bed-clothes, ostensibly to inspect the site of the earlier chastisement, and possibly deliver another 'reminder' with her stretched out full-length on the bed? Having done so, is he able to resist the temptation of total privacy, a well-spanked and no doubt tearful girl, and her sore-bottomed eagerness to please lest her bum be spanked some more? I'm afraid I know what

I would do!

Do you think you could publish a photo of that same young lady, or one very like her, stretched out on her tummy across her bed – bare-bottomed, of course – so that I can see for myself the culmination of the fantasy which the scene in the downstairs room sparked off? Alternatively, perhaps we could see her across her bed on some other occasion – home from school, perhaps, or from a day out with her friends – with her knickers pulled well down and her bottom made ready for a slipperring or spanking, with the opportunity of a glimpse of those private places which the shadows in the living room discreetly hid from view. I should be most grateful if you could manage to do so.

I thoroughly enjoyed the rest of the magazine, by the way, so I shall not be too disappointed if you are unable to meet my request, but do please try.

W.B. Bromley, Kent.

There, W.B. – is that better?



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